

CLEMSON: COLLEGE FOOTBALL'S SURPRISE TEAM

THE MINNESOTA VIKINGS: TOPS IN THE NFC CENTRAL

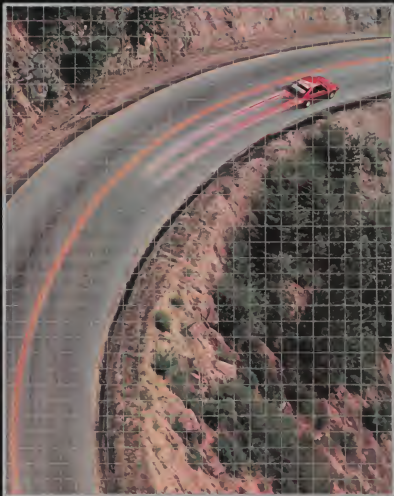
# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 16, 1991 \$1.90

**BACK  
FROM  
THE  
BRINK**

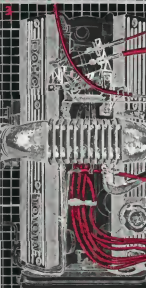
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The Canvas  
To Stop Snipes**





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1 8-way adjustable driver's sports seat with pneumatically regulated lumbar support. 2 Independent rear suspension and limited slip differential for more precise cornering. 3 2.8 liter electronically fuel injected Twin-Cam Six.

# THE ALL NEW

OH  
WHAT  
A  
FEELING



TOYOTA



The all-new Celica Supra's aerodynamic wedge design includes retractable headlights, wide front track and road hugging 225/60 HR14 steel radial tires — the right stuff.

CELICA SUPRA

The right stuff. It's the Golden Gate Bridge. The Mona Lisa. The Space Shuttle. Anything that has what it takes to stand above the rest. To become a classic.

That's why we say the new Celica Supra is the right stuff. It's an all-out effort that brings new meaning to the word "performance." Toyota has chosen the right technologies from the best sports and racing cars ever built. And added many new innovations never before seen in a car of this type. Supra—it's a full-bore performance machine that truly deserves to be called the right stuff.

The heart of the new Supra is a twin-cam six-cylinder engine. (The twin-cam design is used in virtually all racing cars for its superior power potential.) To this, Toyota has added electronic fuel injection.

The result is an engine with the thrust to pin you back in your seat, but without the endless appetite for maintenance common to many sports cars.

As racing great Dan Gurney commented after driving a Supra prototype, "That Twin-Cam Six feels like an airliner taking off. The power just keeps on coming."

Out on the road, Supra's handling is more of the right stuff: ventilated 4-wheel disc brakes for fade-free stopping.

And rack and pinion steering for excellent "road feel." Supra. It's a superbly confident road car. In fact, 55 miles per hour in a Supra feels like 30 in just about anything else. Gurney again, after putting the Supra through its paces on a rain-soaked test track: "Even under very difficult conditions, this new Supra doesn't seem to have any flaws."

If you're getting the feeling that Toyota pulled out all the stops to build a car that is the right stuff, wait till you see the inside of this new Supra!

It has the first driver's sports seat installed as standard equipment in any car in its class. Unlike an ordinary bucket seat, you sit in this seat, not on it. Eight different controls allow you to virtually "custom-form" the seat to your own measurements.

There's even a lumbar support you regulate with an air pump. (This seat is to a regular seat what steel-belted radials are to bias-ply tires!)

The Supra's totally redesigned interior also includes an electronic AM/FM/MPX stereo receiver with 5 speakers as standard equipment. And you can outfit your Supra with a motorized sunroof, if you wish.

As Dan summed up after driving the Supra almost a full day, "It takes the right stuff to make a performance car. And this is the right stuff."



# THE RIGHT STUFF IS HERE.

# CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



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tar.

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Everybody knows that there are many investment opportunities around today that pay a handsome rate of interest. The trouble is, in many cases that interest is currently taxable. You can lose up to over half of it to the tax man. So your retirement savings may grow very slowly.

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**Ask me.**

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## We know vitamin C does a lot for them. What new discoveries lie ahead?

Like you, these youngsters can be susceptible to infection that overwhelms the body's natural immunities. Vitamin C, along with other essential nutrients, optimizes your body's natural capacity to resist illness and helps keep your tissues healthy.

Tripping and falling means cuts, scrapes, bruises or a fracture. None of these will heal properly without adequate vitamin C, along with other essential nutrients.

Vitamin C also increases the body's ability to absorb iron from foods. Iron, the most common deficiency in the diet, may be related to a loss of energy.

What about the future? A great deal of research is being directed at possible relationships of vitamin C to infections, diseases, cholesterol levels, stress, and air and chemical pollution.

The role of vitamin C is still being evaluated, but in the meantime it's still important to get enough. So eat foods rich in this essential nutrient. To be sure, you can take a vitamin C supplement. A wide selection of formulations is available. Read the label to make sure you get your vitamin C in the amount you want.

Vitamin Communications, Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., Nutley, N.J. 07110.

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WCD 3389



**"There is something new about the way that Americans are killing, robbing, raping and assaulting one another. The curse of violent crime is rampant not just in the ghettos of depressed cities, but everywhere. More significant, the crimes are becoming more brutal, more irrational, more random—and therefore all the more frightening!"**

TIME, March 23, 1981.

TIME

Read TIME and understand.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WOLFF, WOLF AND WOLF OUT TO DINE

Staff Writer Steve Wulf came to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** in 1977 and was our lone Wolf, so to speak, until last year, when we hired a computer typesetter named Carolyn Wolfe and a reporter, Alex Wolff. When a Wolf named Cathrine Ann joined the pack last August as a reporter, things might have gotten quite confusing except that, mercifully, they all spell their last names differently.

We've got them straight now. Steve had a lock on the nickname "Wulfie," so Alex is called Alex, Carolyn is called Carolyn, Cathrine Ann answers to Cathy and all is peaceful with our Wolves. A gentle group, really. We have no Big Bad Wolf, or Wulf, or Wolfe or Wolff. The biggest is 24-year-old Alex, at 6'1", and the boddest is probably 30-year-old Steve, who, as a high school journalist, had a story killed for referring to his headmaster as "The Great Walrus." Our Wolf in sheep's clothing would have to be 26-year-old Cathy, Princeton '77, who played ice hockey, a club sport at the time, starred at goalie in lacrosse and was at second base last summer when the SI softball team beat **TIME** magazine's 11-10. Steve was at third and Alex at first, but it was our she-Wolf who caught a pop-up for the last out.

A history major and member of the

University Press Club at Princeton, Cathy put in 15 to 45 hours a week writing sports for such metropolitan newspapers as *The New York Times* and *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. Alex, Princeton '80, was also a history major and also belonged to the Press Club, where in fact he was trained as a potential big-city-paper stringer by Cathy, who recalls now that, "Alex was a star from day one."

Alex spent what would have been his third year at Princeton playing third division basketball in Switzerland, where his act was caught by Cathy, working and traveling in Europe for eight months after graduation.

In the month Alex himself graduated in 1980, a book he had co-authored was published, *The In-Your-Face Basketball Book* (Everest House, \$7.95). Jonathan Yardley reviewed it in these pages, calling it "straightforward, entertaining and informative. A delight." The review was in its final prepublication stages here when Alex arrived for his job interview, which didn't hurt his chances.

Steve W., an SI veteran by then, had just been promoted to staff writer. An English major at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y., he didn't start writing sports until after graduation, when the publisher of *The Evening Sun* in Norwich, N.Y. told him, "Sorry, our only opening is in sports."

"I do that," Steve said.

The fourth member of the pack, Carolyn Wolfe, isn't an athlete. She plays the flute and enjoys getting away from the den altogether, especially to Italy.

As this issue goes to press, Wulf is busy at work on the Year in Sports issue. Alex Wolff has written the story on the Clemson-North Carolina football game (page 40), Carolyn Wolfe has typed this **LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER**, and Cathy has checked the facts in our hockey story (page 78). She is also preparing to work on a nature piece. It's about wolves.

*Philip H. Haskins*



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It's perfect with a game-winning extra point and goes well with a last second field goal. And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is kicking with this action and drama week after week. If you give a year-long gift subscription of SI this Christmas, you'll get a special rate of only \$27.95. And shopping for SI couldn't be easier. Because you avoid the busy stores and crowded parking lots. And all you do is complete and mail one of the attached cards.

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# Oh those memorable moments!



Christmas is a time to remember those special relatives and friends with whom you shared so many memorable moments.

When it comes to sports, freezing those moments that chill the spine is a skill, a science—a frequent occurrence at **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. And over the years, SI writers and photographers have caught some real show-stoppers, like...

Jerry West launching and swishing a 60 foot shot that put the Lakers into overtime with the Knicks in the '70 Championship Series.

the unbelievable "Immaculate Reception" by Franco Harris that beat the Oakland Raiders in their '72 playoff game.

Dodger rookie Bob Welch blazing a 3-2 fastball that struck out Reggie Jackson with two men on and 2 out in the ninth inning of game 2 of the '78 World Series.

the uncontrollable elation of the 1980 American Olympic Hockey team after their miracle upset of the Soviets.

This is what sport is all about. The impending confrontation. The showdown. The record-breaking performance. The frenzied celebration.

And **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is always there to capture those golden moments. Ones that are talked about years after they become history.

Give someone close to you a piece of this on-going glory. Give a gift subscription to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.



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Smithsonian, Washington, D.C.

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The Exhibition has been made possible by the National Bank of Greece and Time Incorporated, and with the cooperation of the Greek Ministry of Culture and Sciences.

**TIME**  
INCORPORATED

## BOOKTALK

by ROGER KAHN

FRANK GRAHAM JR.'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY:  
FATHER AND SON, BUTTS AND BRYANT

Frank Graham Jr.'s memoir of his own life, his father's extraordinary career and the most expensive libel action in the history of sports journalism is a deceptively complicated book. In *A Farewell to Heroes* (The Viking Press, \$15.95), Graham writes with apparent ease and beguiling literacy. Here is a man who has read the classics, who knows which base is second and who isn't afraid to use a polysyllable. (He destroys the books who stretched baseball from its classic 154-game season to the current 162 with a single word: *Procrustean*.)

Like every closet romantic, Graham loves distant times and vanished places. The portraits here of forgotten emperors and clowns are marvelous. You hear the sainted John McGraw lying to the press. You spend a Depression day with Jim Braddock before he became heavyweight champion, and you get the feel of what it was to be a stevedore, devoid of hope. You read the glorious buckster prose of one Tom Foudy, the P.R. man for the St. Mary's College football team in the 1930s:

"James Lawrence Austin, a right end, works in the movies in the summer and is a friend of Jean Harlow . . . Jean made a mysterious visit to San Francisco before the Gonzaga game, and Jim was late for practice. Roared [Coach] Slip Madigan: 'You can play with Jean Harlow or you can play with St. Mary's.'" This was a Foudy press release. Today it would be called investigative reporting.

Graham puts forth a good case for his father as the creator of the modern, accurately reported sports column. Frank Graham Sr. was a slightly built man, soft-voiced, always gentle. His nickname at one time was *Lead Kindly Light*, and the cliché was that you never noticed Frank Sr. Which was how he liked it. As his son documents with columns from *The Sun*, his long-defunct New York paper, it was Frank Sr. who did the noticing.

Frank Sr. never carried a note pad, much less a tape recorder, but he had a

golden ear for speech, a clear eye for scenes. Before him, columnists wrote essays (Heywood Brown) or commented and chattered (Bet Masterson in the old *Morning Telegraph*). But Frank Sr. was the first sports columnist to put readers precisely where he had been.

Young Frank grew up to become a press agent for the Brooklyn Dodgers, where we met and became friends, and then went into magazine journalism, where our paths intersected with shattering results. *The Saturday Evening Post* of old paid generous fees for superficial articles, but wouldn't buy your piece unless it was superficial. In 1963, as certain past sins caught up with me, I had to stop writing for a year and go to work. My assignment was to bring the *Post's* sports coverage into the 20th century, to introduce depth and style.

We got a fine piece from Ed Linn on the death of Big Daddy Lipscomb, a good one from Jimmy Breslin on a basketball fixer. We mixed such stories with more upbeat stuff and turned out a weekly picture of the sports world. Then Post lawyers, working through editorial brass, proclaimed they had found evidence that Wally Butts, once coach and subsequently athletic director at Georgia, and Coach Bear Bryant of Alabama had conspired to rig a football game.

I said fine, if true. Work with the district attorneys. Swap information in exchange for an exclusive story that would run as the DAs issued indictments.

No, no. That was old journalism, said the higher-ups. The *Post* was going to break this on its own.

After two days of debates, I capitulated and suggested that Frank Jr. look into the story. He wrote it. I edited it. The *Post* lawyers, who had uncovered the story in the first place, were delighted with the article. Presently, Butts won \$460,000 on the grounds of libel, while Bryant settled out of court for \$300,000.

In *A Farewell to Heroes*, Graham doesn't capture the climate of the 1963 *Post* as well as he captures other things. It strikes me that the Butts-Bryant affair probably is a book unto itself, calling now, as it did then, for hard, extended reporting. I don't mean to carp. This is a moving reminiscence; indeed, a delight. And if Graham and I see the Butts-Bryant matter differently, I fall back on H.G. Wells's words to an Irish author: "The world is wide and there is room in it for both of us to be wrong."

890



# Do you think you're smoking the lowest tar cigarette? Think again.

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But other brands' ads are saying the same thing—that they're the lowest in tar.

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Now is the lowest 100s Box. Now is the lowest 100s Soft Pack. And there's no cigarette in any size that's lower in tar than Now.

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Well, there's only one—Now.



Box



Box 100s

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NO CIGARETTE, IN ANY SIZE,  
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NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are in mg. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (\*) which is in mg. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

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*The Lowest*  
**The lowest in tar of all brands.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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With the 5-speed, a gallon of gas takes you an EPA estimated 30 miles, an estimated 41 miles highway.

Use 30 mpg for comparison. Of course, your mileage may vary according to weather, speed or length of trip. California figures will be lower, and you can



# stick.

expect actual highway mileage to be less.

Some things don't need radical change to stay abreast of the times. Like Honda's proven front-wheel drive and transverse-mounted engine. Rack and pinion steering and 4-wheel independent suspension.

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## Shopwalk

by LISA TWYMAN

### A SILENT NOISEMAKER TO SCARE DEER OUT OF THE WAY OF YOUR AUTOMOBILE

A nightmare for drivers in many parts of the country: You're zipping along a wooded stretch of road and a deer bounds straight into the path of your car. It happens as many as 20,000 times a year in states such as Texas and Pennsylvania and results in millions of dollars in damage to cars and injuries, some fatal, to motorists, to say nothing of the consequences to the deer.

Three months ago, an Austrian product was introduced in the U.S. that, its makers believe, can alleviate the situation. Known as Sav-A-Life, it's a two-inch-long, bullet-shaped gadget you mount on the front of your car. As the car attains speeds above 30 mph, air rushing over the cylinder produces a sound audible to deer up to a quarter of a mile away. The deer is frightened and retreats into the woods. The sound is ultrasonic, inaudible to humans.

Clayton Anderson, the importer marketing the product in this country, has marshaled an array of material to prove that Sav-A-Life works, including its European track record. "Studies done by the Finnish Institute of Forestry and Agriculture and the Korkeasaari Zoological Garden have found the device effective on deer, wolves, bats and dogs," he says. For some reason sheep and camels are less responsive. Anderson says the product has also been tested and recommended by an Austrian animal-welfare group.

Is all this too good to be true? Maybe so. Tom Allen, a game biologist from Elkins, W. Va. who has spent 17 years studying white-tailed deer, thinks it questionable that such a gadget would discourage deer from wandering into the road, although he admits he has never observed Sav-A-Life in action. Besides, says Allen, what happens in a deer-car collision is that "the driver rounds a bend and bang, it's there. The driver can't stop and the deer is confused. An ultrasonic sound might only confuse him more."

Sav-A-Life is available, at \$16.95 plus \$1.25 mailing, through Marcia Sales, Inc., 382 Central Park West, Suite 10M, New York, N.Y. 10025.

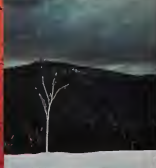
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# Sideline

by JILL LIEBER

TO KNOW WHAT'S COMING AND WHAT'S GONE ALREADY, YOU MIGHT GET 'SMART'

Jim Spring prides himself on being on top of things. "You know the current boom in roller skating?" says Spring, the president of SMART (Sports Marketing and Retail Technology), a consulting firm based in Wilton, Conn. "Well, I predicted that craze four years ago."

By taking daily and weekly samplings of merchandise sold by as many as 300 sporting goods and specialty shops around the country, and then feeding that information into one of three computers, SMART, one of the largest and most complete sports data firms in the world, can predict trends in sports—in participation, equipment and clothing. Spring in turn sells that information back to the sporting goods people, as well as to sports equipment manufacturers, giving them a better idea of what's hot and what's not.

Several years ago SMART helped give the Prince racket a nudge. "We affected not only what was stocked but what was made," Spring says. "Nobody knew how well the Prince was doing. Our data told the manufacturers to keep producing and the retail stores to keep selling. The consumer was loving the racket and buying. We quantified the Prince's popularity. And very soon people said, 'Boy, we've got to get into that marketplace.'"

In 1969 Spring watched as the ski industry boomed. "I figured nothing could grow and grow forever," he says. "I wanted to know where and when it would level off."

Out of that curiosity and what he believed was a need to put professionalism into the retail sporting goods trade, Spring founded SMART. "It started in my living room," he says, "with my son and me fighting over who was going to use the phone first."

As the sporting goods industry grew, the need for reading its pulse did too, and Spring opened an office in New Canaan, Conn. "We had a railroad flat over a liquor store," Spring says. "We used to try to keep our customers away from the office, because they all thought

we were a hot computer company."

Until two years ago, when Spring moved his home office to Wilton and before he opened a data center in Meriden, Conn., SMART used outside service bureaus to compile its data. Still, Spring has tried to keep his company personal. "SMART works on all levels," he says. "One morning I made a presentation to the chairman of the board of AMF. Then, on the way home, I stopped at a sporting goods store in White Plains to help take inventory."

So what's the next big craze? For no fee, Spring will give you a hint. He enjoys being able to say, "I told you so" several years down the road.

"The next big boom will be in exercise equipment—jump ropes, punching bags, weights," he says. According to SMART's polls, the exercise-equipment boom hit California about a year ago, spread through the Sun Belt to Texas and is now moving up the East Coast.

"What athletic footwear stores were to the '70s, exercise equipment stores will be to the '80s," Spring predicts.

But that's not all. SMART's polls show that wind-surfing will soon die in the U.S.—"Anything that depends mainly on kids is short-lived"—and the tennis market will slowly come back to life.

"In the early '70s an enormous amount of tennis equipment was sold, but by '77 sales had dropped significantly," he says. "Then, last spring, they hit bottom."

"But I see a 50% increase in the market, thanks to the children of all those people who tried tennis but found it too difficult. Those people are now jogging—but they want their kids to learn tennis."

However, Spring doesn't want to sound like a know-it-all the time. He'll never forget the time SMART looked far less than brilliant—downright dumb, in fact. "The worst mistake I ever made was in 1978-79," Spring says, now able to laugh over the episode. "The ski industry was doing \$812 million in retail sales, and I predicted that winter that industry sales would exceed \$1 billion. So everyone manufactured skis like they were coming out of your ears, and retailers stocked their shelves to the brim with ski stuff."

"And what happened? The ski industry went the other way. It didn't snow that winter! I sure learned my lesson. Never again will I make another prediction based on weather. It's too iffy." ■

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## Footloose

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

IF YOU'RE JUST HORSEING AROUND, THIS  
FLORIDA CLINIC WILL TEACH YOU POLO

Without much fanfare, the sport of polo has been trickling down from the champagne set to the folks who make do with *vin ordinaire*. At 155 U.S. Polo Association clubs and at dozens of "fun polo" clubs, novices are finding that they can get started for relatively little, the costs being that of a club membership and those of purchasing and maintaining one agile pony.

There's one problem with this democratization of polo: Because formal instruction in the game has been almost nonexistent for years, matches among beginners are usually ragged and don't ever get much better. In hopes of remedying this, the Palm Beach (Fla.) Polo and Country Club, the 11-field home of the World Cup Championships, is offering a series of three-day clinics this winter designed to get beginners off on the right hoof.

Instruction will cover selection and use of equipment, horsemanship, hitting the ball, rules, team play and the choosing, care and basic training of ponies. The package will include: the use of ponies for several hours a day, all equipment except white breeches and boots, lectures, instructional films and videotapes of students in action; cocktail parties and two lunches; and admission to any Sunday matches that happen to be scheduled.

The school will be supervised by Allan Scherer, once coach at Stanford and an adept international player. Scherer promises small, personal classes and scrimmages and guidance in locating places to play.

Prospective students must have basic riding skills. They will also need good hand-eye coordination and plenty of nerve. Despite polo's genteel image, players are routinely subject to collisions, spills and opponents who strike them with mallets aloft.

The clinics cost \$350 and begin on the following Fridays: Nov. 27, Jan. 1, Jan. 22 and Feb. 19. For information write: Polo School, Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, 13198 Forest Hill Blvd., West Palm Beach, Fla. 33411, or telephone: (305) 793-1113.

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## PERSPECTIVE

by RICK TELANOER

### ARE YOU BUGGED? BY REAL INSECTS? YOU COULD GET YOURSELF A GECKO

Let's talk for a minute about geckos. Geckos are soft-skinned, insect-eating lizards with short, stout bodies, large eyes and sticky pads on their feet. They come in a variety of colors, from black to purple polka-dot to a translucent olive, can scale anything from screen doors to mirrors and range in size from 10 inches down to mere fractions of an inch.

A moment ago there was a paper clip-sized gecko—yellow and red with black stripes—in the book of stamps on my desk here in Key West, Fla. When I opened the book, the gecko, shocked, or perhaps dazing, because it's daylight and geckos are generally nocturnal, was splayed across 18¢ replicas of a puma and a harbor seal. The lizard tilted its head and looked at me in the doglike way geckos have, then skittered off to another more cluttered part of my desk. The encounter reminded me that I have become exceedingly casual and approving in my relationship with geckos, an attitude being adopted by more and more Floridians. Indeed, geckos are something of a rage down here, and for one reason: They are hell on insects.

Release one of the larger varieties of gecko in your house—the ones imported from Asia cost between \$10 and \$15 at pet shops—and you have set free a voracious, cold-blooded roach assassin, a Charles Bronson of the creeping, crawling world.

Geckos aren't interested in humans. They will hide by day—the smaller ones in cracks and crevices, the larger ones generally under your refrigerator or sink—and hunt at night. You may never even see your pet, which is just as well, because the big ones are taciturn, ugly and will snap at you if provoked, but you may occasionally hear it—a deep call that resembles its name, and the muted crunching of its latest insect meal.

Progressive homeowners in the suburbs seeking an inexpensive chemical-free, efficient and long-lasting way of controlling household insects have turned to geckos with great expectations. Indeed, from a purely functional standpoint, it's hard to find fault with these lit-

tle exterminators. Geckos can live for as long as 12 years, and will stay in your house, somewhere, as long as there is food. Dogs and cats are uninterested in them. Geckos require no water or pet food, no cage or bed. And being creatures of habit, geckos come more or less housebroken. That is, they tend to deposit their droppings in the same place day after day; if an owner places a small box at the site, the gecko will use it much as a cat uses a litter box.

And how they can eat. There must be a dozen of the smaller geckos, three inches and down, living in and around my house—wild geckos are to be found in many parts of Florida—and at night I have watched from the shadows as the three that live above my deck light devoured hordes of gnats, mosquitoes and moths. At the rate of two insects apiece per minute (an average pace, according to my observations) the trio can theoretically be eliminating almost three thousand bugs per night.

Indoor geckos, such as the one in my stamp book, eat silverfish, termites, flies and millipedes, and the big geckos, the imports, can chomp through two-inch roaches like bluish through silversides. Of course one does not, strictly speaking, "own" a gecko; one merely cohabits with it. It is a reptile at large, but "once you get used to the idea, geckos can be very entertaining and in an odd way, reassuring." Tallahassee gecko owner Louise Beauchamp wrote recently in an issue of *Spectrum*, a Tallahassee periodical. "I live alone and used to worry sometimes about noises in the night, but nowadays I just figure that it's only the gecko."

Certainly a pet gecko makes more sense than a pet alligator. And a gecko is easier to maintain than a goldfish, more useful than a gerbil and quieter than most birds. But is it better than a hamster or poison spray? Is it as empathetic as a dog? As playful as a cat? Above all, is a gecko worth those late night moments when, staggering half blind to the bathroom, you spot the nearly forgotten housemate frozen in mid-pursuit, a bulgy-eyed gargoyle on the rim of your water glass?

I'd say it depends on whether you would rather have several hundreded cockroaches or ten thousand mosquitoes. Like an increasing number of Floridians, I'll take the gecko.

PHOTO

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*Actual Photo By Cheryl Tiegs*



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## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF JAMES WATT AND WHAT IT DOESN'T MEAN

A curious change has come over Interior Secretary James Watt. Last month he said he would stop attacking "environmental extremists," and would even refrain from using that once-favorite expression. He has since taken several surprisingly pro-environment stands, including his announced opposition to the proposed Dickey-Lincoln Dam that would have destroyed much of the St. John River in northern Maine. But Watt's critics aren't letting down their guard. They know that whatever Watt himself may be up to, the scourge they have come to call Wattism continues to permeate the Reagan Administration.

One routine example of what they mean is the reaction of an official in Watt's own Interior Department to a request by the Florida Power and Light Company for a variance to burn oil with a sulfur content 250% higher than that allowable under federal law at two plants near Everglades National Park. Park officials reportedly prepared a statement opposing the variance for presentation at a hearing on the subject only to have the statement vetoed by Interior's associate solicitor for parks, J. Roy Spradley. A spokesman for Spradley said the statement was just being revised. Spradley, a Watt appointee, is a former executive of Florida Power and Light. His involvement in any fashion in the dispute would seem to raise a serious question of ethics.

Even more disturbing are the policies of another Watt protégé, Anne Gorsuch, the administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, who is pushing for budget and personnel cuts that could well make the "Protection" in the agency's title a misnomer. Under Gorsuch the EPA has cut the number of cases of pollution-law violations sent to the Justice Department for prosecution to a fraction of what they were in previous years. The official explanation is that the EPA prefers a "nonconfrontational" approach. Asked by SI to provide an example of how this approach works, EPA spokesman Byron Nelson cited an agreement in September under which a paint company promised to help clean up a chemical waste site at Santa Fe Springs near Los Angeles at which there was a fire for several days last summer, resulting in the closing of a stretch of Pacific beach and the death of as many as 700,000 fish. Yet Nelson's example proves exactly the opposite of what he intended. For one thing, the paint company wasn't bowing to moral suasion alone; it also had

the incentive of a very real lawsuit brought against it by the California Department of Health Services. Further, 36 other parties that the EPA notified as "responsible" for the fire didn't even bother to respond, prompting the agency's chief enforcement officer, William A. Sullivan, to threaten to take "enforcement action." Coming from an agency preaching a nonconfrontational gospel, that threat has little credibility.

Now consider the case of James McAvoy, the former environmental protection chief of Ohio. In that capacity he ridiculed environmentalists and was at least partly to blame for the fact that Ohio remains the only state without a federally approved sulfur dioxide emission-control plan. One former

colleague has recounted how recommendations for legal action against polluters had a way of "disappearing" after they reached McAvoy's desk. Last year McAvoy testified at a House hearing that he didn't think acid rain was a very serious problem. Nevertheless, he was nominated by President Reagan to become one of three members of the Council on Environmental Quality, which has been given the job of coordinating Administration policy on acid rain. After an uproar over the nomination and the discovery that McAvoy had taken "poetic license," as he subsequently put it, on the résumé he submitted to the White House, Reagan withdrew the nomination. But McAvoy is working at the CEQ after all—as a senior staff member. With the council-member

post still unfilled, the suspicion is that McAvoy has wound up in a position of comparable influence while avoiding a potentially messy Senate confirmation fight. McAvoy would have received a \$52,750 salary as a council member. As a senior staff member, he gets \$50,112.50.

Public opinion polls show that the American people unwaveringly support strong antipollution measures. Last month Pollster Louis Harris warned a House subcommittee that any efforts to gut or circumvent environmental legislation could result in defeat in next year's Congressional elections. Environmentalists have accordingly pledged to get out the "green vote" against candidates adjudged to be soft on pollution. It would be heartening to think that James Watt's recent actions represent a true conversion. Unfortunately, the Reagan Administration's overall environmental approach makes it difficult to believe that his turnaround is anything other than a cynical reaction to political realities.

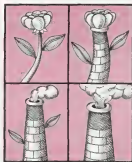


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES WALKER

# HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S CIGARETTE SMOKE.

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of cancer risk to nonsmokers**

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**Effect of smoking  
on others doubted**

**Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned**

**New study contradicts non-smokers' risk**

Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several apparent errors are reported to have been found in the Japanese study—raising

serious questions about it.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

For more information on this important public issue, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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**THREE EX-EAGLES**

In a Brooklyn federal courtroom last week, former college basketball player Rick Kuhn was on trial on charges that he and four codefendants had participated in a point-shaving scheme also allegedly involving, at least peripherally, three teammates. In Shreveport, La., police said they were investigating a burglary in an apartment and found Kenny Smith, a quarterback for the recently disbanded semipro Shreveport Steamer, hiding in a closet; they said that after booking Smith, they went to his home and found TV sets, stereo components, rare coins and other loot from a score of previous burglaries. In Chicago, former NFL Quarterback Jack Concannon is scheduled to go on trial early next month on charges he sold 2.2 pounds of cocaine to an undercover agent.

It may be mere coincidence that Kuhn, Smith and Concannon are all former Boston College athletes. One could probably scour the alumni rolls of other universities and find quite a few people, athletes among them, who have had brushes with the law. Still, there's reason to reflect on the testimony at the Brooklyn point-shaving trial given by another former Boston College student, Barbara Reed, who said that she lived with Kuhn during the 1978-79 season, that she became aware he was shaving points and that he threatened to kill her if she breathed a word about the scheme to anybody else. Obscured by this sensational testimony was an insight Reed offered into the extent of Kuhn's academic involvement in the college. "Rick didn't graduate from college," she said. "He never went to classes."

That last assertion may not be quite as shocking as accusations of point-shaving, burglary or cocaine dealing. But, if true, it does suggest that Boston College, like many other schools, may have helped impart the notion to its athletes that they were special characters to whom ordinary rules don't apply. Somehow the accusation doesn't seem wholly unrelated to the bind in which former Eagle athletes now find themselves.

**AND ALL OF THE SHOWS SHOWED**

As everybody knows, the term "no-show" refers to people who buy tickets to sports events but then stay home. Something more baffling, to us anyway, is the use of that term by a radio sportscaster who, remarking on the near-capacity

crowd of 57,574 in Candlestick Park for the San Francisco 49ers' 45-14 win over the Dallas Cowboys earlier this season, assured his audience, "I don't think we have many no-shows here."

**BREAKING THE G-NOTE BARRIER**

Would you believe \$100 for a pair of running shoes? Well, here comes the 990 from New Balance, the Allston, Mass. firm that fancies itself the Rolls-Royce of the running business. New Balance already manufactured \$70 training shoes (by comparison, the top-of-the-line entry of the industry giant, Nike, bears a \$56.95 price tag), but the 990 is billed as the last word in durability and stability. It features a polyurethane motion-control mechanism (rigid enough to anchor the heel, claims Product Manager Jim Solomon, yet flexible enough not to damage the leg), pigskin instead of cowskin (for lightness and to allow the foot to breathe), Vibram soles and reflector material for night running.

Firing the opening salvo in what shapes up as a hot philosophical debate among the aerobic set, Ed Burke, manager of the Bill Rodgers Running Center in Boston, told *The Boston Globe's* Bruce A. Mohl, "I couldn't in good faith sell that shoe. I simply don't feel any running shoe is worth \$100." But Duke Hutchinson, assistant manager at Marathon Sports in nearby Cambridge, was no doubt right when he predicted, "There will be people out there who will buy them. It's kind of the first-kid-on-the-block syndrome."

**THE WILDCATS & THE HURONS**

For Mike Stock, Northwestern '61, Saturday was a bad day all around. Not only did his alma mater get beat for a record 29th straight time (page 68) but also the team he has coached for the past three seasons, Eastern Michigan University, extended its own losing streak to 17, currently the second-longest in the nation, as the result of a 13-7 defeat at the hands of Kent State. But the doubly cursed Stock is defiantly upbeat. Noting that only one of Eastern Michigan's starters is a senior, he says, "We've laid a good foundation for the future. And the kids haven't gotten down." As for Northwestern, which has had three coaches in the space of four years, he says, "There hasn't been enough stability there, going from one personality to another. It takes time."

Stock should know. In 1958, he joined a Northwestern team that had gone 0-9 the season before under second-year coach Ara Parseghian. After improving to 5-4 in '58, Parseghian's Wildcats really came alive in 1959 and were ranked No. 1 in the country for four weeks before finishing with a 6-3 record. Stock was All-Big Ten that season, and led the conference in scoring, a signal achievement for a 5' 9", 185-pound fullback and strong safety who had wound up at Northwestern mainly because he hadn't been recruited by any other major football school. "While I was at Northwestern, we beat Oklahoma twice and Notre Dame twice," Stock recalls. "And we lost to Ohio State in Columbus 47-6, then came back the next year to beat them in Evanston 21-0."

Which leaves only the question of how the Eastern Michigan Hurons (0-9) would have fared against Northwestern (0-9) if those two hapless teams had been fated to meet in 1981. Says Mike Stock, coach and Old Grad, "It would have been a heck of a battle."

**CHARGE!**

Jack Nicklaus' son Steve, a freshman wide receiver on Florida State's football team, has been given a nickname by his new teammates. According to *Golf World* magazine, the other Seminole players call him "Arnie."

**THEY SAID IT**

- Dorothy Shula, on the career dedication of her husband, the Miami Dolphins' coach: "I'm fairly confident that if I died tomorrow, Don would find a way to preserve me until the season was over and he had time for a nice funeral."
- Dick Lynch, the New York Giants' radio color man, summing up the reaction of NFL rivals to Green Bay's acquisition of Wide Receiver John Jefferson to go with its other star receiver, James Lofton: "It's like finding out your mother-in-law has a twin sister."
- John Pont, now an insurance man in Cincinnati, whose career as a college football coach carried him from Miami (Ohio), to Yale, to Indiana, to Northwestern: "I was recruited by Sid Gillman. I was coached by Woody Hayes and Ara Parseghian, and I coached with, Bo Schembechler. At Indiana I was closely associated with Bobby Knight. All of these quiet, reserved, unemotional individuals left their marks on me."

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# The Night They Called It A Daze

Larry Holmes's WBC title and his big payday with Gerry Cooney are still safe, but Renaldo Snipes nearly knocked both for a loop **by PAT PUTNAM**

The right hand appeared to have been launched from somewhere around the fifth row of the Pittsburgh Civic Arena, out there among the seats the toffs had shelled out \$200 apiece for to watch Larry Holmes defend his WBC heavyweight title against lightly regarded Renaldo Snipes last Friday night. The fight had been labeled *Imminent Danger*, a halfhearted hype to suggest that an upset by Snipes, a journeyman of little note, would derail Holmes's multi-million-dollar Don King-promoted date with Gerry Cooney next spring.

Holmes had spent the first six rounds patiently toying with the awkward Snipes, who resembled a cork bobbing crazily in a storm-swept sea. So it was hardly surprising that in the seventh Holmes seemed almost mesmerized as he stood—with his arms at his sides—watching the aforementioned right become a blur of red.

With a thunderclap that may have been heard 550 miles away in Kameshta Lake, N.Y., where Cooney was dozing, the punch landed hard against Holmes's head, just above his left ear. Twenty-seven seconds into the round the stricken champion dropped to the canvas like a sack of 13 million silver dollars. No longer will anyone wonder why King's hair stands at attention.

*continued*

Struggling up after being floored in the seventh, a groggy Holmes found a friend in a ring post.



**TITLE FIGHTS** continued

As Snipes's muscular arms shot toward the heavens, Holmes rolled over and pushed himself up on all fours. He wasn't thinking of the Cooney fight or of the millions it meant. "My title," Holmes thought. "He's trying to steal my title."

As Referee Rudy Ortega glided in to pick up the count at six, Holmes, pushing off his right foot first, stood but remained bent at the waist. Dazed, he lurched forward, striking his head against a neutral-corner turnbuckle. He never felt it.

It is the destiny of this remarkable fighter that he can only be at his peerless best when he's being truly tested. He constantly threatens to become a ring bully, but it is not within him. Not, that is, until he's threatened with defeat.

Earnie Shavers, whom Holmes likes, floored the champion in their second fight, and Holmes responded by knocking Shavers out. Mike Weaver, now the WBA champ, had Holmes down (it was ruled a slip), and although Holmes was weakened by an infection, he got up and hammered Weaver until the fight was stopped. Now Snipes, a fighter of such small consequence that Las Vegas refused to put this bout on the boards, dropped Holmes on his broad back.

After Ortega had performed the ritual of wiping off the champion's gloves, Holmes, still dazed, walked absently to-



ward Snipes's corner, where the challenger's handlers were screaming at their man to move in for the kill. In his desire to get at Holmes, Snipes almost bowled over Ortega. Another wild right from Snipes tagged Holmes on the shoulder. The champ gave his antagonist a bemused look, then, his head clearing, he shifted into a controlled fury.

With Snipes still attacking wildly, Holmes began battering him with right hands, at one point landing 11 straight punches before Snipes scored with a hook just before the bell.

In the eighth, Holmes went back to the jackhammer jab that had been missing since he had ripped Snipes over the left eye in the fifth. "I've got to quit doing that," Holmes admonished himself later. "I saw the cut and said, 'Aw, hell, I don't want to hit that.' I let him off the hook and then he knocks me on my ass. From now on I'm going to be pure mean."

Holmes was mean while smacking the whirling, bobbing and weaving Snipes through the ninth and 10th. The champ was looking for the one big right to end it. But Snipes is as tough as he is awkward, and he came on with a seemingly endless supply of those whistling right hands. In



the 10th, he caught Holmes with another, this one fired from the \$20 seats, but the champion rolled enough to soften it. Following the 10th round, Holmes, who had turned 32 three days earlier, decided he'd had enough. "I'm going to shorten everything up and end this," he told Trainer Eddie Futch in his corner.

After taking two steps toward Snipes at the start of the 11th round, Holmes paused and winked at his wife, Diane. "I just wanted her to know this would be the last round," he said.

A moment later Snipes got the same message in the form of a right to the body. Then the champion went to work with singular purpose, blending a blur of stiff jabs with the sledgehammer right. Just 45 seconds into the round, a right sent Snipes reeling sideways into his corner. Holmes moved to him quickly. There would be no reprieve this time. Two rights and a hook to the body pinned Snipes to the corner. Using all the power in his 6'3", 213-pound body, Holmes hammered three terrible rights to





the head. As he was loading up to throw a fourth, Ortega stopped the onslaught.

There was 1:55 left in the round and no escape for Snipes. He never would have left that corner on his feet. And Ortega will never make a more merciful or correct decision. "I never hesitated," he said. "Snipes's hands were down, and his body was broken. He was pinned in the corner, and every punch Larry threw was hitting its target. You don't need a guy like Holmes beating on you. No way."

And then the other fight started.

ABC sportscaster Howard Cosell, who seems to be making a habit of getting in postfight brawls, was interviewing Snipes and Holmes simultaneously. Snipes's people were angry that the fight had been stopped, in their view, too soon. Jake Holmes, the champion's burly brother, was the innocent instigator.

"Snipes never hurt Larry," Jake told Futch during Cosell's interviews.

After Snipes's right dropped Holmes for a six-count, the champion's thoughts turned from Cooney to the issue at hand. "My title," Holmes said to himself. "He's trying to steal my title."



Overhearing Jake, Nick Rattenni Jr., Snipes's manager, told him to shut up. Jake cuffed Rattenni a name, which, contrary to rumor, wasn't the magic word. Rattenni cocked a fist, which is a lot more invitation than Jake ever needs.

As Jake went after Rattenni, Snipes had another go at Larry, who pushed him away. Wisely, Cosell ducked for cover. During the melee, which was joined by a host of security guards, Snipes was pushed back against the Rev. Jim Williams, his trainer, who wielded a pair of scissors he intended to use to snip the tape from Snipes's hands. Instead, the scissors accidentally opened a deep crescent-shaped three-inch cut in Snipes's left forearm that required 40 stitches.

"I take the blame for the whole thing," Rattenni said later, adding, "but we're

continued



filing an immediate protest with the WBC and the Pennsylvania commission over the precipitous action of the referee in stopping the fight. We feel that the referee was wrong. The fighter wasn't even down."

Duke Darden of the Nevada commission and the WBC's representative at the fight said, "If the ref hadn't stopped it Snipes could have been killed. When Ortega came in, Snipes's legs were wobbling and he was defenseless. They can protest all they want. Ortega was 100 percent correct."

The following morning Holmes, richer by \$1.1 million, unmarked and now 39-0 after 11 straight defenses of the title he won from Ken Norton in June of 1978 was relatively happy. Snipes, his arm in a splint, the eye wound closed by five additional stitches, his lacerated mouth and face swollen, remained in seclusion. "He's pretty bitter that they robbed him," said Rattenni.

All three judges had Holmes well ahead: Spider Bynum scored it Holmes 97-91, Eddie Woods had it 96-93, and

Tony Castellano's scorecard read 96-91.

Holmes couldn't find fault with Ortega's cease-fire. "But I wish he hadn't stopped it," he said cheerfully. "At that point I wanted to punish Snipes some more. But I think when his people look at the tape replays they'll quit protesting. When Davey Pearl stopped the Leonard-Hearn fight, I thought he was wrong. But when I saw it on TV, I was wrong."

Holmes laughed when he was asked about the other fight. "It was just a lot of name calling," he said. "Snipes called me a champ, which I didn't like. Then Jake and Snipes's manager started calling each other names, and that's something you don't do with Jake. He's my brother, and if he wasn't, I sure as hell wouldn't want to fight him. When I jumped up I was just trying to calm Jake. Then I said to hell with it, and me and Howard ducked under the ring."

And that's when Snipes, who made \$175,000 for losing for the first time in 23 career fights, got scorsored. It may have been the first postfight interview in history ever stopped on cuts. **END**

## It Was Spinks, Hands Down

by William Nack

In one moment of carelessness, Vonzell Johnson discovered last Saturday how unforgiving of error the bittersweet science can be. Johnson was on his back in the ring of Atlantic City's Playboy Hotel & Casino—his head spinning, legs gone, eyes glazed. In one stroke, he had lost whatever chance he'd had of lifting Michael Spinks's WBA light heavyweight title. Gone, too, perhaps, was all hope of winning a championship he'd been fighting for since he turned pro in 1974.

"I blew it," Johnson said.

Justice was as swift as Spinks's right hand. With less than a minute gone in the seventh round, the two boxers were fighting in close when Referee Larry Hazzard stuck a hand between them. Although it appeared the fighters were in a clinch, they weren't. Hazzard said to them, "Punch out." That is, no need to break, merely fight your way out of the close quarters. Spinks stood his ground. Johnson stepped back and dropped his arms, his chin like a lantern in a storm. Spinks hit Johnson with a left uppercut to the body and followed that with a whistling overhand right to the chops—which he calls the Spinks Jinx—that "stung me real good," Johnson said.

Johnson stumbled back and fell. Upon arising, he just managed to regain his legs. Standing there, he wavered like a drunk. Spinks rushed in.

"How do you feel?" Hazzard asked Johnson.

"I feel all right," the fighter answered.

"He's not all right, ref!" Spinks said. "Stop the fight." Hazzard ignored him and waved the two together. One Spinks left hook later, Hazzard stopped it.

"I committed a cardinal sin," Johnson said. "I dropped my hands. I was taught ever since I was knee high to a puppy: Come out of the clinches low, hands up. I stepped back with my hands down. That's my fault. And I make that mistake when all the marbles counted!"

Johnson's tactical lapse gave the 25-year-old Spinks occasion to demonstrate to the millions who watched the fight on CBS that he can be a resourceful oppo-

Forty-five seconds into the 11th round, Holmes unleashed his furious barrage of rights



tunist and that he's more of a professional than his 18 pro fights might suggest. Hazzard had to warn the champion repeatedly not to use his elbows, a trick usually found in a veteran's bag.

The sneaky right at the end came out of a different bag. "An old Russian tactic," Spinks said. "Vonzell should have known about that. He fought the Russians, too."

This was Spinks's first defense of the title he won on a unanimous decision from Eddie Mustafa Muhammad in Las Vegas on July 18, and to his credit, he

Early this year Johnson got the title shot he'd been waiting for, in a Feb. 28 bout against WBC champion Matthew Saad Muhammad. Although he had just three weeks' notice for the fight, "I felt I might get lucky," he said. Johnson led in the early rounds but tired in the ninth. In the 11th, Saad knocked him out. Then Spinks won the WBA title in July. For his first go, he picked Johnson—short on seasoning and confidence, long on heart. This time Johnson got to train hard.

So did Spinks, and he took the fight to Johnson in the third. Disdaining the



Spinks boxed better and hit much harder.



Johnson paid a hellish price for committing the cardinal sin of dropping his guard.

didn't pick a tomato can for it. Johnson can fight. He has been working at it off and on since he walked into a gym in Columbus, Ohio in 1967.

Johnson, whose parents named him after George Barnes's old sidekick Harry Von Zell, won the national Golden Gloves and AAO 165-pound titles in 1974 and captained the American boxing team—Ray Leonard and Aaron Pryor were on it—that toured Russia for three weeks that year. Then he turned pro, foregoing a tryout for the '76 U.S. Olympic team. Had he remained an amateur, he undoubtedly would have fought Spinks for the 165-class berth. "When he turned pro, it was a relief for me," Spinks says. "But I knew that one day we would fight."

Of course, Spinks made that Olympic team, won a gold medal and became the last of five team members to win world titles—following Leo Randolph, Leonard, brother Leon and John Tate.

challenger's jab, he scored sharply with combinations—the jab and the overhand right, the right uppercut off the left hook, and one fiery left-right-left. Johnson slowed. In the fourth, Spinks had him in trouble. He staggered Johnson with a right after a left to the body. Spinks finished the round, easily his, with a hook that snapped Johnson's head back.

"You're doing nothing!" Trainer Angelo Dundee told Johnson before the fifth. "You're fighting his fight!" Johnson charged back to win the fifth. Spinks had his jab working again, but Johnson caught him with a right to the body and a right uppercut. Johnson backed Spinks up for the first time, forcing him across the ring with four left-right combinations. The sixth was closer, with furious exchanges, from which Johnson emerged with his left eyelid bleeding.

"Watch that elbow," Hazzard warned. Between rounds Dundee told Johnson, "If he hits you once more with the

elbow, kick him!" Dundee closed the cut, but Spinks reopened it early in the seventh and Johnson was bleeding when Spinks caught him going backward with his dukes down.

Having lost consecutive title fights, Johnson's future is cloudy, despite his 22-3 record. Spinks's is clear. Saad is still the WBC champ. They have begun the preliminary bantering. Saad calls him Michael Stinks. Spinks calls him Matthew Sad, as in sad is what Saad will be. "I'll be more than happy to unify the title," Spinks said. "Let me be the undisputed light heavyweight champion of the world. Saad will make it come true." **END**



Spinks would be "happy to unify the title."

# Purple Pros: The Same Old Story

The Vikings are following their familiar plot line, using a short-pass offense to once again take the lead in the NFC Central by **JACK McCALLUM**

Ever since he came into the NFL in 1977, and especially since he took over at quarterback for Fran Tarkenton in 1979, Minnesota's Tommy Kramer has been routinely feeding the misses with one fish and one loaf.

He has put miracle points on the board in all kinds of situations, including game-winning passes with 1:38, 0:17 and 0:13 remaining. On three other occasions, Kramer-led two-minute drills have resulted in decisive field goals by Rick Danneier with 25, four and zero seconds left. And his 46-yard pass, which was tipped several times and finally caught for a touchdown by Wide Receiver Ahmad Rashad as time ran out, not only beat the Browns 28-23 and put the Vikings in the playoffs last season, but also won a place in the annals of Bobble Ball.

Whether Kramer can part the seas and get the Vikings into the Super Bowl this year remains to be seen. But the way he directed last Sunday's easier-than-it-reads 25-10 victory over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers in Bloomington showed that the Vikings can play the game with anyone when Kramer and his epic cast of receivers are right.

The win put the Vikings a game ahead of the Bucs in the NFC Central. Who were you expecting to see in front, already, the Chicago Bears? Since 1970, only Green Bay (1972) and Tampa Bay (1979) have interrupted the Vikings' domination of the Central and the Bucs, who upset the Eagles in '79, are the only other division team to have gotten past the first round of the playoffs.

Minnesota has always deserved a better fate than to be mired in the wild and not-so-wonderful NFC Central. The name of Viking Coach Bud Grant, the noted duck hunter, will forever be preceded by "taciturn," but that doesn't mean "inflexible." He scrapped his celebrated people-eating 4-3 defense this

season in favor of a 3-4 that better utilizes his linebacker strength. And he was wise enough to turn his offense into a circus with nagmasters like Tarkenton and now Kramer.

The Kramer variation resembles a game of "everybody out" in the old schoolyard. It's far from the great bomb-throwing tradition that, for one, got Terry Bradshaw to four Super Bowls, but times have changed. The dizzying number of zone defenses in use today—Tampa Bay tried alignments of 4-1-6 and 3-3-5 on Sunday—are less effective against the dink-dink-dink rhythm of Kramer's short passes. And the Vikings' offense is also geared to make use of today's more mobile tight ends, like their

own Joe Senner, already among the best at his position and getting better.

Perhaps, most important, Kramer has kept all of his eager pass catchers happy. You can't help but walk around here with a smile on your face," says Wide Receiver Sammy White, a smile on his face.

The offense was at its best on Sunday, when it controlled the ball for more than 40 minutes. "Our offense got rigor mortis standing around," said Tampa Bay Coach John McKay, who once again out-equipped Grant but didn't best him. The Vikings had a 23-0 lead three minutes into the second half and could actually start rushing the ball once in a while (Ted Brown carried 31 times for 129 yards, both career highs) like a normal team.



When the Bucs' Doug Williams lost the ball, the Vikes found themselves with a safety

"I had to do some blocking today, and I've got a headache," said Senser, whose usual role is closer to that of a wide receiver. "I'm going to have to ask somebody about that."

If Senser asks his quarterback, Kramer will probably say, "Joe, I was just taking what the defense gave me." That's how Kramer answers most questions about the complicated attack concocted by Offensive Coach Jerry Burns and overseen by Grant. But Kramer knows more, much more, than he's letting on.

Grant and his scouts knew exactly who was needed to replace Tarkenton when they picked Kramer ahead of Glenn Carano, now a backup at Dallas, and Vince Ferragamo, now a backup in, gulp, Montreal, in the 1977 draft. "Look, we were just lucky with Tommy," says Grant. "We've had some misses, too. Anytime you start thinking you're a genius, you're in trouble."

But one of Kramer's assets was that he did think he was a genius, or at least he had no doubts that he could replace a legend. "Tommy's strong point was that he wasn't in awe of Francis in any way," says Rashad. "He just wanted to take right over." Kramer showed the way he was thinking as a rookie when he sat down at the previously all-veteran pre-season card game and said, "Deal me in." The vets did.

He stayed in Tarkenton's shadow for two years without loud complaint, but finally intimated that he might stay away from camp if Tarkenton didn't make up his mind to retire before the 1979 season, which Tarkenton did. Now guys like Linebacker Matt Blair wear T-shirts bearing the slogan: TOMMY KRAMER, THE BEST FROM THE WEST.

A smiling, Skoal-chewing, Texas good ol' boy, Kramer has a playboy reputation; Charley McKenna of the Minneapolis Tribune dubbed him 494 Tommy because of his familiarity with the watering holes along that interstate in Minneapolis. Kramer says he has settled down somewhat, thanks in part to his new girl friend, Carrie Baudler.

"I don't go out like I used to," says Kramer, "but it never affected my play anyway. When we're winning, everybody shuts up about it. Hey, my father

[who coached football at Texas Lutheran for six years] was strict on me when I was growing up. Maybe I was just making up for lost time."

Which is what Kramer appears to be doing with the Viking offense, to which he contributed 228 yards and one TD passing on Sunday. On one second-quarter possession he completed all nine of his passes, while driving the Vikings 95 yards for a touchdown and keeping the ball for more than nine minutes. The Bucs never recovered from the TD, which gave Minnesota a 13-0 lead.

Kramer, who ranked second among NFC quarterbacks going into Sunday's game, sometimes throws quickly, sometimes off-balance, sometimes on the run, sometimes strangely, but most of all he throws often. One Viking play calls for him to pump-fake a screen to Running Back Ricky Young, look toward Senser who is wildly waving his arms in the right flat as if he's the intended receiver ("I like to do a little acting out there"), and then throw a screen to Brown over the middle. This elaborate gem is called Fake Double Screen 3-Check Middle, if you're scoring.

Such Looney Tunes plays have been nated with the careful selection of players to build a potent offense. The drafting of Kramer was one example, but also remember that Rashad was somewhat of a reclamation project, having been traded twice before the Vikings got him cheap just before the '76 season started. This year has been an eye-opening one for him because he has finally found a custom pair of contacts to fit his huge eyes. "Man, I just started reading scoreboards," he says. "They have all kinds of information out there."

White, the other wide receiver, was passed over by everyone at least once in 1976 before the Vikes got him in the second round. And Terry LeCount, who plays often in three-wide-receiver situations, was picked up on waivers from San Francisco.

Brown, the all-purpose heir apparent to Chuck Foreman, was chiefly a runner at North Carolina State and never heard from the Vikings before the 1979 draft. But Grant and his aides had been quietly studying films "of every pass he ever



Kramer passed for 228 yards and one TD.

caught in college" to determine if he could fit into the system. Oh, could he! He's leading the NFC in receptions with 60 and averaging almost four yards per carry.

Senser, a sixth-round 1979 pick from West Chester (Pa.) State, is the real surprise. As the NFC's third-leading receiver, with 49 receptions, he has already lost his no-name status; his wrong-name status should go soon, too. "People are always asking me where we got this Senator from," says Grant.

Despite their poor postseason performances (9-11, including 0 for 4 in Super Bowls), the Vikes are the class of their not-so-classy division. Who can catch them?

Tampa Bay may have the personnel, but it is startlingly erratic. Detroit has Billy Sims plus an 0-6 record away from the noisy, artificially turfled Silverdome. Chicago, despite a 16-13 win over Kansas City on Sunday, has internal problems, and Walter Payton must be wondering if he can survive the woeful blocking the Bears are giving him. Perhaps the Packers' two-game winning streak—they beat the Giants 26-24 Sunday—signals a new challenge for the Vikings. After all, Green Bay Coach Bart Starr went out and pleaded with the fans for support and now appears to have his own cheering section.

Grant, of course, has so far resisted cheerleading. Otherwise, he would most certainly be shaking his purple pompos for Two-Minute Tommy.

END

# The Paws Have Given Cause For Pause

Clemson, spurred on by its ubiquitous logo and unyielding defense, beat North Carolina to stay undefeated and bound for a major bowl

by ALEXANDER WOLFF



Perhaps Hootie Ingram's greatest contribution in his three losing seasons as the football coach at Clemson University was his insistence in 1970 that the school get rid of its tiger logo and replace it with The Paw. It's a symbol so primitive that any kindergartner could reproduce it with finger paint, and it seems as if every kindergartner—plus everyone else—in South Carolina has proved that. There are now paw prints on tree trunks and bridges and street signs, on bald men's pates and girls' cheeks, and on the pavement of every road leading into the town of Clemson. The fans who fill Clemson Memorial Stadium every fall wear white paw prints on orange overalls, orange paw prints on white T-shirts and white paw prints on orange hats. During the South Carolina autumn, Halloween is a redundancy.

Some 4,500 Clemson fans took The Paw on the road last Saturday, blowing into Chapel Hill, which is appropriately located in Orange County, N.C. There the 9-0 Tigers ground down North Carolina's hobbled running game 10-8 before a record crowd of 53,611, including bowl scouts representing just about every food, fete and fiber extant.

The game was billed as the most exciting thing to hit North Carolina since tobacco price supports. These were the only two teams in the country besides Georgia and Penn State ranked in the Top 10 in both scoring and scoring defense, and this was the first time two

McCall's seven-yard second-quarter blast resulted in the only touchdown of the day.

ACC schools had met while both were in the Top 10 of the polls. Clemson was ranked second by AP and third by UPI and SI; North Carolina was sixth in SI's poll, eighth in AP's and ninth in UPI's. Clemson came to Chapel Hill averaging 32 points a game while yielding only 7.7, but if the emotional edge belonged to either team the rumors that injured Tailback Kelvin Bryant and Quarterback Rod Elkins had recovered sufficiently to play gave it to the Tar Heels. Said Clemson Coach Danny Ford, "We're preparing for Bryant, we're preparing for Elkins and we're preparing for Lawrence Taylor in case he comes back from the pros."

The Tar Heels didn't officially announce until Friday that Bryant would be fit to play, just five weeks after undergoing arthroscopic surgery on his left knee. On Monday it rained and there was no practice, and the next day Bryant worked out only lightly, with no contact. He apparently did the same on Wednesday, but North Carolina Coach Dick Crum had actually dispatched him to a secret practice at Kenan Stadium. There Bryant went through contact drills, running on nine plays against the scout team and taking pops on eight of them. Some swelling

developed on the knee by the next day, but on Friday Bryant said, "It feels fine"—a startling statement from someone whose surgeon, Dr. Tim Taft, had said on Oct. 4 that it was unlikely Bryant would see action again this season.

On Saturday, however, Bryant carried 13 times for just 31 yards and was far from the fluid runner who scored 15 touchdowns before tearing cartilage and spraining a ligament against Georgia Tech in the fourth game of the season. But the Clemson defense had a lot to do with his meager yardage. The Tigers stopped Bryant and his understudy, Tyrone Anthony—31 yards on eight carries—just as they've stopped everyone else this year.

After giving up a touchdown in its opener against Wofford College, which was added to the Tigers' schedule when Villanova, originally set for the opener, dropped football last spring, Clemson went 13 straight quarters without allowing another TD. When the streak finally ended in the third quarter of a 38-10 drubbing of Duke, the Tiger defenders came back in the fourth quarter to stop

the Blue Devils six times at the Clemson one. They didn't give up a touchdown rushing until the season's seventh game, a 17-7 defeat of North Carolina State. Meanwhile, the Tigers were forcing all sorts of errors. They intercepted four passes and recovered three fumbles in a 13-5 win over Tulane. Against Georgia, gussied up in rarely worn orange briches, they picked off five passes and recovered four fumbles in upsetting the Bulldogs 13-3. Three fumble recoveries and two interceptions helped beat Kentucky 21-3. The Tigers came to

The Refrigerator cooled off North Carolina with five solo tackles, including this sack.



Chapel Hill leading the nation in turnover margin, with 14 recoveries and 21 interceptions, while the offense had coughed up the ball an average of twice a game.

Twice last Saturday, once in the second period and again in the third, the Tar Heels had first-and-goal inside the Clemson seven and both times had to settle for Brooks Barwick field goals. And when Carolina had a first down at its own 40 with a minute left and was seemingly headed for a game-winning three-pointer, Tiger Tackle Jeff Bryant alertly scooped up an incomplete swing pass that had been ruled a lateral. The only other Tar Heel points came against the Clemson offense, when Carolina's Danny Barlow blocked a second-period Dale Hatcher punt and the ball rolled out of the end zone for a safety.

Crum had said before the game that he'd only use Elkins, who had sprained his left ankle two weeks earlier in a loss to South Carolina, if the Tar Heel offense needed "settling down." On Carolina's first two possessions, its offense was thoroughly shook up. Starting Quarterback Scott Stankavich suffered a stumble, two fumbles and a sack. In came Elkins, and on his second series, he threw a strike to Flanker Larry Griffin at the Clemson seven. But on the next play, a bootleg roll-out pass, Elkins failed to see that Tight End Doug Sickels was all alone in the end zone, and Nose Guard William Devane nailed him for a seven-yard loss. Barwick's field goal was all North Carolina could get. On the next series Elkins re-

injured his ankle and didn't play again.

Clemson took the kickoff following the field goal and put together a 14-play scoring drive in which Fullback Jeff McCall rushed for 30 of his 84 yards, including a seven-yard burst over the right side for the touchdown.

But the drive's biggest play was Quarterback Homer Jordan's third-and-five pass over the middle to Perry Tuttle at the North Carolina 23. The 16-yard gain marked the 29th straight game in which Tuttle has caught a pass. Tuttle plays each game carrying a piece of paper that reads GOD CAN DO ANYTHING. "My mother gave it to me on a card a long time ago," he says. "I lost it in a game during my sophomore year. I really believe it, so I always write it down and put it in my sock." The Tigers would muster nothing more than a 39-yard field goal by Donald Igwebuike—his name means "unity is strength" in the Ibo dialect he speaks in his native Nigeria—the rest of the way, but theirs was a defense that needed nothing more to bring 33-year-old Ford within a game of the ACC title in only his third year as Clemson's coach.

A former player for and assistant to Bear Bryant, Ford had been thrust into the job just before the Tigers' 17-15 Gator Bowl upset of Ohio State in 1978 when Charley Pell quit and went to Florida after the bowl bid was announced. "If you've never done something before, you don't know what to do," Ford recalls of that Gator Bowl game. "I was unconscious that game." An official must have suspected as much. Sensing that Ford

might take his team off the field after Buckeye Coach Woody Hayes pumched Tiger Linebacker Charlie Bauman in the waning moments, the official sidled up to Ford and said, "Son, now I wouldn't do anything stupid."

"When he was first made head coach," says Tiger Split End Jerry Gaillard, a senior, "you could see that he'd been around it but never really done it. He's improved 100 percent. And the transition he made from the crazy assistant who was kidding us all the time—it's been great."

Jeff Davis, a 6-foot, 223-pound linebacker who had a team-high eight tackles against North Carolina, including a crucial stop of Bryant on the Clemson nine in the third quarter, provides senior leadership much like what he remembers so well from his own freshman season. Clemson picks captains for each game, but Davis and Tuttle are the de facto leaders of the defense and offense. The four-year roommates have symbolized the unity that has replaced the divisiveness—between senior and junior and offense and defense—that nearly tore the Tigers apart in 1980. "Last year there were 13 seniors on the team and only six really played," says Ford. "This year we have lots of senior starters, and they'll do things like calling team meetings without the coaches." Davis takes charge of most of those meetings.

"We lost early last year, and when you're losing, everybody looks for problems," says Gaillard. "It's just a totally different atmosphere now."

One reason for that change is the presence of Tom Harper, who was hired away from Virginia Tech last winter to coach the Tiger defense. Harper, 49, introduced a wrinkle in Clemson's 3-2 alignment that had been successful at Tech. A 6'5", 230-pound converted quarterback named Andy Headen lines up at one end of the line of scrimmage. He's called the "bandit" back.

"He's a defensive end who can drop on coverage," Harper says. "But he also becomes the equivalent of a strong safety when we go with a four-man front. And he must be able to blitz. He needs the size to be an outside linebacker, and the range and knowledge to be a defensive back, and the strength and speed to blitz. Andy's a super athlete who met the job description. Of course, if you wrote a job description for nose guards, William Perry would fit it."

continued

Tar Heel Tailback Bryant was welcomed back from an injury by swarms of Tiger tacklers.





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Actually, if you wrote the specs for a refrigerator, Perry would fit those too, which is why his teammates variously call the 6' 3", 285-pound freshman GE, The Refrigerator and Fridge. He had five unassisted tackles while playing just half the game against North Carolina. One came in the fourth quarter when the Tar Heels had moved to the Clemson 33, nearly within field-goal range. Perry sacked Stankavage for a 10-yard loss on third-and-six, and after a penalty, Carolina was forced to punt.

Perry runs a 4.9 40, can dunk a basketball and has lost 20 pounds this season. He figures he can drop a few more, even though his body fat is less than 15%. "He's not fat fat," says Ford. "He's just hungry."

He splits time with Devane, a 6' 2", 250-pound sophomore, at nose guard, the pressure point of the Tigers' pressure defense. Until one of them develops the endurance to carry his formidable young frame for more than 40 plays a game, Ford will continue to alternate them.

"I expect to be double-teamed," says The Refrigerator. "If they send the center at me one-on-one, I'm gonna beat him naturally. Get two people, that's the key." To complicate North Carolina's problems, Tar Heel Starting Center Steve McGrew was out with a sprained left ankle, so Devane and Fridge went against a freshman most of the afternoon.

But Clemson had a neophyte of its own playing on Saturday, and he merely won the game. Igwebuike is on loan from the soccer team, and immediately after the game at Chapel Hill, he flew up to Maryland, where, on Sunday, he started at midfield as the Tiger soccer team—ranked third in the nation—defeated the Terps 4-0 to win the ACC title. Igwebuike had a rocky spring football practice, partly because of the pressure of replacing countryman Obed Arin, who set seven and tied two NCAA kicking records last season, and partly because he simply didn't understand the rules. He knew he was supposed to kick the ball far, but thought that, on kickoffs, the ball couldn't cross the end line.

He has it straight now, though, and boots all long field goals—he's 7 for 11 this year—and kickoffs. Crowds don't faze him. "When my club was engaged in continental soccer matches in Lagos, we would play in front of 80,000 or 90,000 people," he says. "When I first came to Clemson two years ago, someone showed

me the football field. I didn't know they meant American football. The goalposts looked strange." But, like everyone else, he was enchanted by Clemson's logo. "I saw these paw prints on the road," he says, "and I liked them."

Unlike other ACC schools, Clemson has always wanted to make its mark in football more than in basketball, so it has a measure of tradition in the sport. But there is also a touch of the arriviste. Davis holds many of the strength records in the five-year-old, \$250,000 weight room equipped with 26 Nautilus machines. The IPTAY Club, the private athletic scholarship fund-raising organization, is the largest of its kind; a record 15,000 belong even though inflation has changed the acronym from standing for I Pay Ten a Year to I Pay Thirty a Year. And, perhaps inevitably, the NCAA enforcement people have been on campus recently, looking into allegations of improprieties brought against Clemson by a couple of would-be recruits.

Clemson would love a national championship before any bad news gets handed down, but first the Tigers must remain unbeaten and win a bowl game. A Greenville radio station's poll revealed the fans' favorite bowl to be, like everything else, Orange. Miami is relatively nearby, and the game has the prestige of being played on New Year's Day.

But so is the Fiesta Bowl, which the athletic department is leaning toward. It pays well and, being 1,800 miles away in



For Clemson, Ford has been a better idea.

Tempe, Ariz., would alleviate some of the inevitable ticket problems. Even the fans would accept it if, say, an undefeated Pitt was the opponent.

"Our seniors are going to decide where we go, and they won't vote until after the Maryland [this Saturday] and South Carolina [Nov. 21] games," says Ford. "If there were five other undefeated football teams in the country, we wouldn't have this attention. But until someone proves otherwise, we hold the future in our own hands." Or paws, as the case may be.

END

Where does Clemson go now that it's beaten the Tar Heels? The Tigers point the way.



**I**t's not often you see a head sailing a yacht. But when the apparently disembodied noddle of a certain Jonathan Richards, 27, began tacking a 12-footer called *Illusion* among the sleek racing yachts gathered at Cowes on the Isle of Wight off England's south coast last July, it's accurate to say that consternation reigned. The waterfront bars, packed with hundreds of hard-drinking crew members gathered for the Admiral's Cup, the international racing series held each summer, quickly emptied and

cameras appeared everywhere. For about half an hour, Richards, pleasantly aware of the excitement he was creating, sailed his enigmatic craft among the blue-chip yachts while onlookers tried to figure out where the rest of him was. In fact, the 6-foot Richards, a Cowes boat-builder and sailmaker, was comfortably stretched out in *Illusion* as if he were reclining in an armchair before the fire. His arms, busily adjusting a variety of below-deck controls, were tucked under the side decks, while his feet, resting against an

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON



aluminum rod attached by wire to the rudder, were doing the steering.

Much gratified by the general effect, Richards sailed *Illusion* back up the Medina River and hauled the boat out on her cradle—a converted bread trolley. In the following days, some of the cream of the Admiral's Cup skippers arrived to try out the little boat for themselves. What they discovered was a craft that looks like a yacht and handles like a yacht but weighs less than a small dinghy and has a sail area of only 65 square feet. In fact, *Il-*

*lusion*—the choice of name wasn't an accident—is virtually an America's Cup yacht in miniature, a new concept featuring some of the characteristics of big boats on a pygmy scale. And at a fraction of the cost: Richards and his fellow originator, Neil Graham of Australia, 34, built *Illusion* for just \$650. The little

hull. Says Richards, "The whole thing was really like finding a bit of wire in the attic, then asking, 'What can we use this for?'"

Although their methods appear to be amateurish, it's the sort of approach that Richards and Graham have been using for years—yet still ending up with pro-

Is that 12-meter yacht you've been eyeing just too rich for the budget? Here's a small solution to your predicament **by SELWYN PARKER**

## How To Keep Your Head Above Water

craft's graceful proportions belie the rather helter-skelter manner of her creation, which was a triumph of resourcefulness. She was put together from a design roughed out by Richards on a piece of old chipboard on a kitchen table in the tiny house in Cowes that he shares with his girl friend, Sue Brown, a sailing instructor. "In fact," says Richards, "it was all pretty much kitchen-table stuff." The mast and boom came from a length of hang-glider tubing, which he acquired from a New Zealander up the road. The sails were fashioned from bits of fabric lying around from previous sail-making experiments. Most of the fittings were expropriated from old dinghies. The lead for the keel came from just about everywhere and was for the most part garnered by Graham's girl friend, Sue Morris, a psychiatrist.

*Illusion* took shape in a shed of rotting wood and broken windows at the back of the National Sailing Center. About the only items actually paid for were the planks of quarter-inch deal that form the

professional-looking bows. Richards says, "I've always been coming up with these rather odd, silly ideas." But those silly ideas seem to work. As a boatbuilder Richards is totally self-taught—to his dismay, he wasn't allowed to do woodwork at school because it clashed with Latin, a requisite for taking high school science courses—but he has designed and built some 50 dinghies over seven years, a lot of them for fun rather than for commercial gain. And many of those dinghies have proved to be almost unbeatable in competition.

Quite apart from *Illusion*, Richards has plenty of other projects afoot. He's experimenting with a radical dinghy design, finishing off another dinghy for friends, opening his campaign to represent Britain in the Flying Dutchman class in the Los Angeles Olympics—Richards was a member of the British Olympic team for the 1980 Games, but, unhappily for him, the yachtsmen decided to boycott Moscow—and racing or cruising keelboats. In September he was a key

*continued*

Whenever co-owner Graham cruises off Cowes, England in his 12-foot-long 12-meter *Illusion*, he really maintains his heading.



As water rushes by him at earlobe level, Richards is a one-man band at *Illusion's* controls.

#### **ILLUSION** continued

member of the crew that helped an Irishman, Harry Cudmore, win the World One Ton championships at Crosshaven, Ireland.

Richards discusses boats with the sort of glow that fits halfway between mere enthusiasm and fanaticism. He is hopelessly, irredeemably crazy about sailing. His father, John, a retired publicity manager for an industrial chemicals company, recalls how the young Jonathan used to fashion boats out of leaves, using twigs for masts, and race them on puddles around the family home in Birmingham. Indeed, it would be puzzling if Richards weren't sailing-mad. He was born with brine in his blood: his parents first met in a sailing club; Jonathan, or Jo, as he's known, was sailing at three weeks in his parents' small cruiser, both his brother and sister sail; there were never any cars in the family garage because it was always packed with boats.

A touch of umable eccentricity inhabits Jo Richards. He appears to care hardly a whit about money ("My bank balance hovers between £50 in the red and £50 in the black"); he walks around in jeans without knees and in jerseys without elbows. Richards is also one of the few fungal ecologists in Britain, having earned his Bachelor of Science degree at Nottingham University in that subject, though he has never attempted to put the knowledge to any practical use.

"I'm the wrong mentality to spend my life in stuffy little laboratories peering

down electron microscopes," he says emphatically as he walks along the cliffs above Cowes. After graduation—his father still can't understand how he managed that because "he seemed to do nothing except sail while he was at Nottingham"—Richards joined the Royal Navy as a navigation officer but left after a year "because it became very obvious that I wasn't going to do any sailing at all."

Richards can't remember how he and Graham first met, but it was probably on a boat. At first glance it's an odd fusion of talent: Richards the botanist and Graham the philosopher (Bachelor of Arts, University of Sydney). In reality, the resemblances, and the differences, are irresistible. Richards is chatty and open, Graham is laconic and reserved. But they are equally besotted about sailing. At Nottingham the Englishman once fitted a mast and sail to a wheelchair to which he was confined after straining knee ligaments while sailing, then proceeded to crash the wheelchair in the hospital car park. The Australian alternated semesters in philosophy with boat-delivery trips across the Pacific and was once rash enough, while still a teen-ager, to borrow his father's 55-foot cruiser for an impromptu excursion outside Sydney Heads. Since then, Graham has virtually sailed the world. He survived the sinking of his yacht *Griffin* in the terrible Fasnet Race of 1979.

The idea for *Illusion* was Richards'. It occurred to him about five years ago while he was sailing a radio controlled

model yacht across a pond at Leicester. As the little craft sped along, he thought, "Why not design a yacht you can put only one person in?" He had heard of, and perhaps found inspiration in, those oil-tanker simulator models used for training prospective misters. But after sketching out some shapes, Richards forgot about the project until January 1981, when he and Graham were working on an Admiral's Cup 42-footer, *Recession*, in a boatyard near Clearwater, Fla. The two were staying in a house overlooking Indian Rocks Beach, and it was the sight of the blue water of the lagoon in front of the house that revived the concept. The house was also shared by an American, a New Zealander and a few other will-travel sailors. Inspired by Richards' idea, the sails drew up plans for a design based on model yachts, and within a few days a fleet of miniatures appeared in Clearwater under class rules: maximum length, two feet; maximum sail area, 125 square inches; maximum total weight, four pounds; maximum rig height, 30 inches; maximum keel depth, 10 inches. The fun had started.


Both Richards and Graham learned from those epic battles on the Florida lagoon, and when they got back to Cowes last March, they started work on *Illusion*. The money, such as it was, flowed from the sale of a Chevy sports van that the owner of *Recession* had donated to the duo as a reward for the hard work they put into his boat.

Cowes is a pleasant and settled place, lying 20 minutes from the mainland by hydrofoil. Its brick houses bear names that are solidly English or resolutely nautical—Old Priory, Topside, Hardwicke, Stormalong. It's yachting-mad and has been for decades. Every second shop sells something nautical, whether life jackets or antique navigation lamps, and many pubs have interiors decorated to resemble ship cabins. But even Cowes was astonished at *Illusion*. Although Richards and Graham tried to keep the project quiet, those who did scent what was going on either didn't believe them ("They thought we were pulling their legs," said Richards) or made polite but dismissive noises. It was all accomplished within about three months, March to June, although the work on *Illusion* was frequently interrupted; her builders took time out to race or to deliver yachts or just to mess about in boats.

From the start the aim was to produce

continued





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a genuine sailing yacht, not an eccentricity. "It is not a toy," says Richards firmly. Indeed, everything on *Illusion* works. The mast, for example, has two sets of spreaders and can be raked fore and aft or bent to stretch the sail for different wind strengths. There are enough controls in the cockpit to amuse even the most technically minded skipper. Altogether, *Illusion* has nine adjustments that the skipper must constantly make. The genoa is made of Mylar, the fabric used successfully in the last America's Cup challenge. The ballast—small sandbags placed above the keel—is removable so that skippers can increase or reduce it according to their body weight.

It is important to note that *Illusion* isn't a replica of an America's Cup yacht, because a precisely scaled-down version wouldn't work. She is, however, as faithful as possible to the 12-meter look. The designers' aim, in short, was to get *Illusion* to work and look as much like an America's Cupper as possible. "We fiddled the esthetics a bit," says Richards.

Sailing *Illusion* is one of the sport's unique experiences. Her skipper doesn't climb aboard so much as wriggle inside, going feetfirst, as though squeezing into a Grand Prix car. Once installed, he lies supine along the top of the keel with half his body below water level. When he ducks, there's just room for his head to clear the boom as it swings across in a jibe or tack. At first, the novelty of sailing *Illusion* can be rather unsettling. Gusts whistle above the water at eye level, spitting water straight in your face. As the wind hits *Illusion's* sails, she heels sharply. My God, she's going to capsize! A dollop of cold Solent spray hops into the cockpit. But like a true narrow-beamed America's Cup boat, *Illusion* suddenly stiffens as the weight in the keel counterbalances the pressure of the gust of wind on the rig.

At a thought-provoking angle of about 45 degrees, with the skipper's ear an inch or two from the water, *Illusion* hushes along happily. A little foot pressure on the steering bar feathers her nicely into the wind. That's comforting. In a big gust you "throw" the mainsheet to spill wind from the mainsail. After a while you relax. *Illusion* won't sink or capsize. And it's so comfortable, which is perhaps the most disorienting part of all. Sailing, whether hiking out in a dinghy or clinging to a yacht's windward rail, is supposed to hurt.

When tacking, *Illusion* steers across the wind like a true yacht instead of spinning around like a dinghy, though making the adjustments can be like playing all the instruments of an orchestra almost simultaneously. Unclear the windward genoa sheet, haul in the leeward one, tighten the windward runner. Oh, yes, remember to keep foot pressure on the steering or *Illusion* will stop head to wind, sails flapping, and start to drift backward. Don't forget to duck as the boom swings across.

The pinnacle of achievement is flying the boat's 45-square-foot spinnaker. First ease the leeward runner and bear away before the wind, ease the mainsheet, ease the genoa sheet, hook the guy into one end of the spinnaker, then attach the pole to the tack of the spinnaker and the base of the mast, and toss the spinnaker cloth in the air while hauling on the halyard. Now you should be in business—but you aren't. The spinnaker halyard has snarled on the shroud. Try again. Still snarled. And again.

Even without the spinnaker, *Illusion* slices joyously downwind, leaving a trail of astonished yachtsmen whose reactions run the gamut of incredulity. Most simply stand speechless as an apparently head-powered yacht pops up alongside. Others rouse themselves to comment. "I don't believe it: I just don't believe it!"

muttered one skipper to his crew. Another noted gravely, "I'd be careful if I were you. There's a 60-foot dinghy around the corner."

Objects on the seaway loom in a menacing manner. A three-foot-high buoy becomes a lighthouse. A 30-foot cruiser is the QE 2. You're in a different world, a silent, private one: a mouse among the elephants, a Lilliputian among the Broddingnagians.

All the sailing people who have seen her are delighted with *Illusion*. Rodney Pattison, who has won two Olympic sailing gold medals and a silver for Britain: "I loved it." Michel Maeder, mainsheet hand on the last French America's Cup challenger: "It's beautiful." Clive Johnson, who runs a Cowes ship chandlery: "Something completely different." As they speak they grin in wonderment and pleasure.

The only less-than-enthusiastic comment heard came from Graham's girl friend, who dislikes sailing in any form. "I think it's lovely," she says loyally. "Just don't ask me to sail in her."

*Illusion* is a contradiction, small but stately, dignified but sporty, a big boat that's only 12 feet long. She might, just might, be a breakthrough. If so, an addition to nautical terminology will be required to describe her accurately. Single-headed sailing, perhaps. END

Richards hauls *Illusion* out on a bread trolley after an eye-popping sail on the Solent.



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# The Phoenix Of Palo Alto

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From the ruins of the Stanford season rises John Elway—the quarterback the pros covet most **by RON FIMRITE**



A marvelous paradox of this football season is that the college quarterback most prized by the pros plays for a team with one of the most god-awful records in the country. The quarterback is John Elway, and he throws bullet passes with cross-hair accuracy. The team is Stanford, which has been beaten by Purdue 27-19, San Jose State 28-6, Ohio State 24-19, Arizona 17-13, Southern Cal 25-17, Arizona State 62-36 and Washington 42-31. Last Saturday's 63-9 victory over Oregon State was only the second of the year for Stanford; on Oct. 10 the Cardinals squeaked by UCLA 26-23. Nevertheless, despite such massive insult and occasional injury—Elway has been bothered by a sprained right ankle, a chipped bone in his left hand and a mild concussion—the embattled young man has made the pros covet him all the more. In this hellish season he has thrown the ball 309 times and completed 175 passes for a .566 percentage and 2,202 yards. Fifteen of his passes have gone for touchdowns. That performance, following a sophomore season in which he completed 65.4% of 379 passes for 2,889 yards and 27 touchdowns, has put him near the tip of the quarterback heap at a school renowned for its passers.

As the season began, of course, there was no reason to foresee doom and gloom for the Cardinals, and the mood at Palo Alto was light and loose.

The locker-room conversation sounded pretty depressing, to be sure. "Cliff's in jail," Rob Moore said to Elway, "and it looks to me like the kid isn't his, either." Elway shook his blond head in mock concern, sitting himself atop a training table for the pre-practice ankle-taping ritual, a chore performed at Stanford by attractive young women trainers. "Too bad about your friend," a concerned bystander said. "What friend?" Elway said. "Cliff. The guy in jail. The cuckold." Raucous young laughter. "Oh, that's a soap-opera character. Rob and I always keep track of his latest tragedies. I guess he is a friend in a way."

Moore reappeared with more bad news. "And I had a flat last night out by the lake." Elway laughed. "Rob is his own soap opera," he said. "Let's see, what've you had now—a broken neck, a

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bum knee and a flat tire. Not bad for three years of football."

"They're taking money to see when I'll go down this year," Moore, a fullback, said, smiling gravely.

Moore and Elway were joined by Darin Nelson, the bubbly nonesuch halfback, whose hand was being bandaged by one of the trainers. "How'd that happen?" Elway inquired. "Well," said Nelson, warming to the occasion, "these three big dudes had me cornered last night, and by the time I'd punched them all out, my hand got hurt." He paused reflectively, checking the reaction of the comely trainer. "Actually, I banged it against a doorknob."

College football players, particularly those attending schools like Stanford, where classroom attendance is considered *de rigueur*, are a curious bunch out of armor—giant bodies topped by the heads of earnest schoolboys. From the neck up, Elway, who is considered by professional scouts to be the hottest college passer since Bert Jones, could be Andy Hardy, or Jody Baxter in *The Yearling*. His hair falls like straw over an unlined forehead. His blue eyes are clear and his mouth, thick-lipped, is filled with alabaster teeth. That's the head. The rest of him is pure pro quarterback—lanky (6'4", 202), long-limbed, the chest of a weightlifter. Watching him fire his

passes, reading about his record-shattering performances, one is likely to forget that this superman is, at 21, still a boy.

Jim Fassel, Stanford's offensive coordinator, addressed the offensive unit before the final practice the week of Stanford's opening game with Purdue. He spoke football-ese. "They play very soft in the secondary on the Zebra formation . . . Passes should be called away from the roll of the Cowboy coverage . . . If they're playing the short post, we'll go to the shake. . . ." Elway and Moore were sitting together, kids in class foggly absorbing the arcanum. The coach reverted to English. "Let's have some fun out there. Hey, we're good. Practice is short today, one hour. We'll finish with the two-minute drill." Elway, daydreaming, became a Bob & Ray creation. "Uh, will we be doing the two-minute drill?" he asked. "He just got through saying that," Moore said, gleefully jumping on the gaffe. "Our peerless leader," the front row moaned in chorus. "I don't know how I missed that," said the red-faced peerless leader.

Elway may be inattentive on occasion, but he is, according to the experts, a forward passer possibly without peer. Last season he set Pac-10 Conference records for touchdowns passes, completions, touchdowns running and passing (31; he ran for four) and total offense (2,939

yards) plus a single-game mark for TD passes (six against Oregon State) and TD passes in a quarter (four, also against the Beavers), which also equaled an NCAA record. He was one of the handful of quarterbacks ever to be named All-America as a sophomore. Against Purdue this year he set personal highs by completing 33 of 44 passes for 418 yards. Against Ohio State he rallied Stanford to a near-upset by completing 21 of 27 second-half passes, including nine in a row late in the third and early in the fourth quarters. Only a fumble after a reception by second-team Halfback Vincent White stopped a last-minute Stanford drive and preserved Ohio State's win.

Also, his ankle injury, which he suffered against Purdue, sorely limited Elway's mobility and forced him to alter his passing motion—instead of throwing with his whole body, he was using almost all arm and wrist—in the first four games, and he played less than a half against Arizona State in the seventh game, albeit completing 10 of 17 passes for 270 yards and three touchdowns, before chipping the bone in his hand and suffering the concussion. Despite all of these handicaps, his performance has been, in its own way, fully as remarkable as the gaudier one of the previous season.

"I've learned a lot this year," Elway, ever cheerful, says. "You learn more from losing, I think. Your patience sure gets tested, for one thing. And I've learned self-control. I've learned to deal with frustration. It's a new situation for me—losing. It demonstrates how much the quarterback depends on the people around him. I'm determined to finish this season on a winning note. Then we'll come out fired up for next year."

Stanford's dismal showing has in no way cooled the ardor professional scouts feel for the quarterback. "I've been in this business 20 years, and I'd have to say that Elway is the best I've ever seen," says Tony Razzano, director of college scouting for the 49ers. "At this point, that is. He's the best junior I've ever seen. And sometimes when a player doesn't seem to have the accompaniment he might, you can't let it bother you that they're 2-7. You can't really say Elway hasn't produced." When relatively healthy, as he was last week against Oregon State, Elway vindicates his backers. Playing only 2½ quarters of the 63-9 win, Elway completed 15 of 20 passes for 245 yards and three touchdowns.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKEY FLEGER



Elway's père et fils experienced a tumult of emotion after San Jose State triumphed.

"Elway's got everything going for him, no negatives to speak of," says Tom Braatz, director of player personnel for the Falcons. "His possibilities are unlimited," says Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' head of personnel development. "He's an outstanding athlete, with the kind of physical ability that could make a Bert Jones- or a Terry Bradshaw-type of quarterback." Of the injuries and the losses Brandt says, "With all that, with the physical abilities he has, if he were a senior he'd still be the first guy picked in the draft."

College coaches speak of him as if he were discovered in the bullrushes. After he threw for three touchdowns (and ran for another) in Stanford's stunning 31-14 upset of Oklahoma in Norman last season, Sooners Coach Barry Switzer said, "John Elway put on the greatest exhibition of quarterback play and passing I've ever seen on this field." When asked to compare Elway with Ohio State's Art Schlichter, UCLA Coach Terry Donahue said, "It's like comparing apples and oranges. If you ask me who I'd least like to face, it's John Elway." Speculating on Elway's future in professional football, Stanford Coach Paul Wiggins, himself a former Stanford All-America and All-Pro defensive end with the Browns, said, "He's a franchise, an automatic. I played with John Brodie here at Stanford, and John was one of the truly great players in the game, but as a sophomore, at the same stage of development, he couldn't compare with John Elway."

The first week he stepped on a practice field as a freshman in 1979, Elway scared off two top quarterback prospects, Babe Laufenberg and Grayson Rogers, who quickly transferred to other schools—Laufenberg to Indiana, by way of Pierce Junior College in L.A., Rogers to the University of the Pacific—and both have started at quarterback. Turk Schonert, a senior then, now with the Cincinnati Bengals, who had patiently waited his turn through the Guy Benjamin (49ers) and Steve Dils (Vikings) eras, was almost equally threatened by the freshman flame-thrower. "Turk felt the pressure, no question," says Fassel. Schonert merely led the nation in passing that year. He almost had to in order to save off Elway. "If you can play ahead of John Elway," says Fassel, "you're a great quarterback, and I don't care if you are a senior and he is only a freshman."

Andre Tyler, a brilliant Stanford split



Elway keeps setting Stanford career records in spite of a line that has let him down.

end who has missed every game this year because of a broken foot, has played with Benjamin, Dils and Schonert and Elway. "I don't think any of the others could be rated with John," he says. "He is clearly in a class by himself."

"The difference is in the raw physical talent, the ability to throw the ball. Steve, Guy, Turk and Jim Plunkett all worked out here with receivers this summer, and not one of them wanted to throw after John. There are situations in a game when most quarterbacks would not be physically able to even think about doing what Elway does routinely. You can be surrounded by defenders, and John will get the ball to you. He can throw that hard and that accurately. He throws so hard that it was a problem for us receivers at first. He was throwing the ball twice as fast as anyone I'd ever seen. It was the difference between catching a 90-mile-an-hour fastball and a changeup. He could throw it on a line for 40, 50 yards, and he could throw it 85 yards if he had to. For a while the coaches debated whether to ask him to soften up. Finally they came to us and said, 'We're not going to ask John to change. It's up to you to adjust. He's our man.' We adjusted. We learned to concentrate on the ball

more, to secure it before we took off."

Wiggins invites skeptics to stand behind his quarterback at practice and observe the awesome projectiles firsthand. "I've been standing behind quarterbacks all my life," he says, "and I've never seen anyone who can make it happen the way this kid does." Elway warms up, lofting lazy spirals to his receivers; then, gradually, he cranks up to full velocity. In the end there is just a flick of the wrist and the ball is there, yards away. The receivers, cold at first, drop passes by the dozen. "The old theory that if you can touch it you can catch it goes out the window with John," says Fassel. In time the receivers adjust, and Elway is hitting them with fastballs from 30 to 40 yards out, the ball fairly whistling as it leaves his right hand. It's an eye-opening spectacle. Elway throws footballs the way Nolan Ryan throws baseballs. Wiggins shrugs, smiling an I-told-you-so smile.

No other college or university, not even Notre Dame, has produced more quality T-formation quarterbacks than Stanford. It is a tradition of excellence that began in 1940 with Frankie Albert, the first of the modern-day T quarterbacks, and continued through Brodie, Plunkett, Benjamin, Dils and Schonert.

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Sprinkled in among these illuminati were some lesser-knowns who also had exceptional careers: Gary Kerkorian, Bobby Garrett, Dick Norman (who in 1959 completed 34 of 39 passes for 401 yards against California), Dave Lewis, Mike Boryla and Don Bence, all of whom went on to play professional football.

Stanford immortals peer down at the current aspirants from photographs that hang on almost every inch of wall space in the snug athletic-department building. No quarterback who has ever played in Palo Alto has escaped the subtle pressure applied by these ghosts. But in his junior season, Elway has moved into second place in touchdown passes (48) behind Plunkett, and into third place in passing yardage (5,635) and completions (474) behind Plunkett and Benjamin. Barring further injury, and if he continues at his current pace Elway should finish at the top of the list in every significant Stanford passing statistic, including Plunkett's imposing 7,544 total yards. Then, if he plays professional football, he will take aim at the accomplishments of his Stanford predecessors—Albert's 29 TD passes in 1948, Brodie's 30 touchdown passes in 1965 and 31,548 yards gained passing and Plunkett's 1981 Super Bowl championship.

What's that? If he plays professional football? With NFL seats forming entire rooting sections and with big bucks being squirreled away to entice him, what could keep Elway from playing pro football? The New York Yankees could. The Yanks signed Elway to a most peculiar contract immediately after Stanford's second game this season, the loss to San Jose State. Under its terms, Elway will play for a six-figure salary next summer, after the school term, for the Class-A Oneonta (N.Y.) team. In doing so he will lose his football scholarship, but, under current NCAA rules, no football eligibility. He will no longer be able to play baseball for Stanford, because the rules do prohibit a student from playing the same sport professionally and in college. This could even prove to be a boon for Wiggan and the football staff, for Elway will now be free to devote his attention to spring football exclusively. Freedom from the double dose of college baseball and

spring football—one Saturday, Elway completed 65% of his passes in a morning football scrimmage and went 3 for 4 against USC in the afternoon—will permit him to, as he puts it, "act more like a college student and not like a guy running from one field to another every day." The Yankees, in brief, will provide him with "a nice summer job."

The Yankees are gambling, of course. Elway has told them that, as of now, he prefers playing professional football, so they have no real assurance of signing him to a longer-term contract when his college eligibility has expired. They are also gambling that he will not be seriously injured playing college football, and they will soon be involved in what could be a multimillion-dollar bidding war with whatever NFL team drafts him. By signing him for this year, the Yankees are simply preserving their draft rights and ensuring that they will be the only major league team that can sign him. Had they not signed him by the end of September after drafting him in the second round when he turned 21, Elway, in the words of a Yankee spokesman, "would've gone back in the hopper." Is the estimated \$140,000 they will be paying him for six weeks or so of minor league baseball worth it? The Yankees think so.

For a youngster who spends most of his time throwing footballs, Elway is a remarkable baseball player. In his last two seasons at Granada Hills High near Los Angeles, he batted .551 and .491 and was voted the Southern California CIF Baseball Player of the Year his senior year. Although he had already committed him-

self to attending Stanford, the Kansas City Royals drafted him in the 18th round after high school. He had a disappointing (269) freshman season but came back this past spring to hit .361 with nine homers and 50 RBIs in 49 games. In the NCAA Central Regionals he hit .444 and was voted onto the all-tournament team. He is a polished right-fielder with, naturally, a powerful arm.

"If he played nine months of the year instead of three or four, there is no telling how good he could be," says Stanford Baseball Coach Mark Marquess. "It's significant that he really starts playing well toward the end of the season, in the pressure games. He's a true clutch performer. It's incredible to me that he can play football and baseball at the same time. He'd have football practice in the morning, miss batting practice, then tear the cover off the ball in the game. He's just an amazingly gifted athlete... and he's got that cannon for an arm."

A left-hand hitter with power, Elway is "made for Yankee Stadium," says Bill Bergesch, Yankee vice-president for baseball operations, who made three recruiting trips to Stanford and watched nervously as the San Jose State team abused his prize prospect, sacking him seven times. "We project him as a superstar. He's got everything a scout looks for—he's big and strong, he can run, he can hit and hit with power, and he's got that strong arm. We see him as our right-fielder down the road. Unfortunately, we are also aware he has some talent in football."

The Yankees, says Bergesch, realize they are playing a long shot, but they are counting on the glamour and tradition that come with a pinstripe uniform to win him over. "We'll take him to our training camp during his spring vacation," says Bergesch. "Our eyes are open. We know how important football is to him. It's the glamour sport in college. But we'll have the chance to show him what a career in baseball can be like. He'll meet some of our star players. We wouldn't take this gamble if we didn't think we could sign him. And we're not hurting Stanford at all. I know one thing, whatever pro football team drafts him had better know that the Yankees will be



Elway women share mixed loyalties (note hat) once a year.

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Elway's negotiator in his dealings with the Yankees and his closest confidant in all things is his father, Jack, 50. There is a father-son relationship abounding in mutual respect and admiration. It is a relationship marred, however, by an accident of fate: Jack Elway is the head football coach at San Jose State, which is 15 miles south on Highway 101 from Palo Alto and is a traditional Stanford football opponent. The annual meetings between the son's and the father's football teams are an excruciatingly painful experience for the entire Elway family, which includes wife-mother Janet and daughters-sisters Lee Ann and Jana. "The season begins for all of us," says Jana, John's twin, "after that game." "It's hard on the whole family," says John, "particularly my mother. It's Dad's job, after all, and the family has always been centered around him. This thing is a whole lot worse for us than people think."

Jack Elway's 28-year coaching career began at the high school level in his native state of Washington. After four years as an assistant at Washington State he became head coach at Cal State-Northridge at the time his son blossomed as a high school football hero. In December of 1978, Jack accepted the San Jose job.

Son John graduated from Granada Hills High the following June and was enthusiastically recruited by 65 colleges, including Stanford, Notre Dame, USC, Washington and . . . San Jose State. Jack Elway had privately tutored his son but had never coached him at any level the way finally get his chance as coach of the West team in the January, 1983 East-West Shrine Game at Stanford, and like many fathers who are also coaches, he scrupulously refused to interfere with any of John's coaches. Only once did he speak up on his son's behalf, and that only after an assistant coach in high school had struck the 16-year-old during practice. "I told that guy he could apologize now or meet me outside and get the bleep kicked out of him, or he could wait until John turned 21 and have him kick the bleep out of him. He apologized."

John had developed a yearning to play in the Pac-10 during his father's years at Washington State. The move to California made him more a fan of Stanford, the quarterback's school, than of USC, the tailback's school. "He'd had his heart set on the Pac-10 since he was 12," said Jack

one recent afternoon before his own football practice. "And I knew that. Stanford was always his first choice. The only advice I gave him was to go to a school that was solid academically [John is majoring in Economics] and that had quality coaches. I told him when the time came he should make his own decision and never look back. He's done that and he's happy and I'm proud of him."

Jack removed his blue SJS baseball cap and fanned himself with it. "We, of course, were in the process of recruiting a quarterback at the time, since Ed Luther [now with the San Diego Chargers] was in his last year. I tell people that my offer to John was \$2,000 under the table, a new car and a mortgage on the house. I said I would go so far as to have an affair with his mother. Still, he didn't go for it. I'm not sure she would have gone for it. I know that if I had said, 'John, come with me to San Jose,' he would've come, but that wouldn't have been fair to him. Still, there are nights, after I've had about three vodka martinis, when I'll say to myself, 'Jack, old boy, you've got to be the dumbest sumpitch in this whole world. You had the best quarterback in America sitting across the breakfast table from you and you let him get away.'"

Father and son remain each other's biggest boosters for all but one week of the year. They talk by phone or in the family home in San Jose several times a week during football season—except when San Jose is playing Stanford. Before this season's game they made a public appearance together at a football writers' luncheon in San Francisco. "I've been a fan of my dad's all my life, but when it comes down to this game, I have to be selfish," John told the reporters. "Last year, no kidding, Dad gave me San Jose's first play of the game, a quarterback draw. I told Coach Harbaugh [Stanford defensive coordinator Jack Harbaugh] what it was going to be and he said, 'Yeah, sure.' Well, it was a quarterback draw, and the coach and I just looked at each other. This year, I don't know whether I can trust the old man."

Said Jack, "Sure I'll tell him the play when I know it. That's what makes us so effective. We never know what we're doing on offense." Such jocularity masks the genuine anguish both men feel on the week they must play each other. John was significantly absent from a family gathering two nights before the San Jose game. This was the week for Elway



Janet Elway keeps John sunny side up.

schizophrenia. "We're all confused," said Janet Elway, a stately blonde. She hosted the family dog, a spunky black poodle, to her lap. "Except you, Corky." She nuzzled the animal. "You don't care what happens as long as John comes home to play with you on the floor."

"The kids were all born at once—18 months apart for all three," continued

Out of the same mold: Brodie and Elway.



said Jack, sipping his vodka martini. "I like to tell people I got married, had a honeymoon for 18 months and then all hell broke loose the next 18. But having the twins was quite a thrill, and all of the kids, being so close to the same age, developed a special bond. Even as little kids, I can remember John crawling on the floor by himself, then looking around to see where Jana was and crawling right over to her. And then the two of them would start jabbering at each other in that special language twins have."

"It's so strange now," said Janet. "John comes home here and sprawls all

umph of a lifetime and, along with last year's upset of Baylor, led to speculation that more than one Elway might be joining the NFL one day.

For John, it was the low point of his young career. Janet Elway smiled and embraced her husband after the game, then, spotting her battered son, burst into tears. Jana, a San Jose junior, wore a hat that had the Stanford emblem and colors on one side and San Jose State's on the other. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

At the final gun John limped across the field to throw an arm around his fa-

ther who had insisted upon playing in pain.

The following week, still limping, he rebounded from an indifferent first half (7 for 15 for 55 yards) against Ohio State to complete 28 of 42 for 248 yards and two touchdowns. His rival, the much-publicized Schlachter, was 16 for 32 for 240 yards and two TDs. But Schlachter, who also had an ankle injury, tumbled off in the second half, while Elway rallied Stanford to near-victory.

This season's Stanford Cardinals are scarcely the touchdown-happy bunch of a year ago. Elway's best receiver in 1981, Ken Margerum, has gone to the Chicago Bears, and Tyler, his second best, has yet to play. Nelson, who ran for 1,000 yards and caught 50 passes in both his freshman and sophomore years, has been bothered by a bruised hip he suffered in the first quarter of the Purdue game, and the young offensive line isn't providing Elway with the protection he had a year ago. It all adds up to frustration, as in the Ohio State game, Elway's performance against the Buckeyes would have been even more extraordinary had his receivers not dropped at least four catchable passes, one a perfectly thrown 50-yarder which Tight End Chris Dressel muffed in the open field. With his team trailing by five points and 6:55 left in the game, Elway's ankle was reinjured. He missed one series of downs and then returned, the reincarnation of Frank Merriwell, for the final minute and 33 seconds of play. From his own 16 he completed passes of 22 yards to Eric Mullins and nine yards to Moore before dumping off a swing pass to White, who fumbled the ball away with 54 seconds left.

For Elway there will be other games, in either football or baseball. He will soon become one of those rare athletes whose services are in demand in two professional sports. He has, in that sense, a future without limitations. Whatever choice he makes, the child's head will stay straight on the man's shoulders. "John has been brought up right," Wiggin says. "They're still games," says John. "They're still fun. The more attention I get, the more I like my privacy. There's no sense in trying to live up to other people's expectations of me."

"John is mentally tough and he's physically tough," says Jack Elway, whose own future has so recently been enhanced at the expense of his son. "But more important than all that, he's a damn good person."



Outfielder Elway's arm and .361 average have already gotten him a Yankee contract.

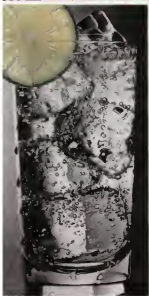
over the furniture, making a mess of things, destroying the whole house. And then I'll see him on TV, a hero. It's like he's two different people."

The only opponent to hold John to under 200 yards passing last season was San Jose State. This year, against his father's team, John suffered through the worst day of his career, completing only six of 24 passes for 72 yards, hardly a quarter's work for him on a normal outing. He threw five interceptions and was sacked the seven times, the combination of his offensive line breaking down and his own sprained ankle leaving John a virtual sitting duck. The San Jose victory was one of the most important in the school's football history and its first over Stanford in six years. For Jack Elway it was the tri-

umph. They walked tearfully together out the south end of Stanford Stadium. Jack Elway drank a Pepsi with shaking hands as he met the press under the trees outside the San Jose locker room. His blitzing linebackers had given his son a terrible beating in helping Jack to his biggest win. His manner was deadly serious. "How do I feel?" He hunched his shoulders. "As a father, I'm not very goddamn happy. As a coach, I'm thrilled. I thought John showed great courage. He was obviously injured." Later, he would bitterly criticize the Stanford coaches—most of whom are his close friends—for leaving his son in the game so long when he should have been on the sidelines nursing his injured ankle. But it was John, driven by God knows what competitive forces,



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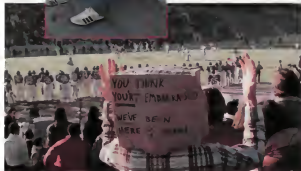
## COLLEGE FOOTBALL



third game of the 1979 season and a resurgence of speculation over Northwestern's future in big-time athletics.

Certainly the game wasn't pretty to watch. Michigan State scored on all seven of its possessions in the first half and led 41-0 before the Wildcats got on the board midway through the third quarter. Media reps, who had come from far and wide to witness the carnage, tried to remember details of the 0-28 strings of Kansas State and Virginia, co-owners of

Injured freshman Hujik and Wolff watched Saturday along with long-term sufferers.



### 0 and 29 and still counting

*By losing 61-14 to Michigan State, Northwestern broke the major college record for consecutive defeats, and underscored an agonizing dilemma.*

**I**t was fitting, perhaps, that the only philosophy major on the Northwestern football team, junior Kicker Rick Salvino, should inaugurate the Wildcats' successful bid for sole possession of "The Streak," the longest losing record in the history of major college football. Salvino's opening kickoff last Saturday in Evanston, Ill. made the rest possible: a 61-14 thrashing at the hands of Michigan State, an 0-29 record dating back to the

The Streak before Northwestern. And though it was a sparkling fall day and N.U. students—most of whom have never seen their team win—tore down the goalposts at the final gun while chanting, "We're the worst! We're the worst!" there wasn't much real levity in the air.

After the game, Michigan State Coach Muddy Waters said the win had been "no fun at all." Northwestern Coach Dennis Green said, "I don't know what we've

by Rick Tolander

been doing around here for a long time, but we haven't been paying our dues."

In the N.U. locker room Salvino was asked if he found solace in a particular school of philosophical thought. "I guess the Sophists," he said. And their message? "That only I myself exist, and everything I see is an illusion." But the record is real, and the question is, why?

The answer is complex, but it begins with Northwestern's status as the smallest (enrollment 7,000) and most selective school in the Big Ten. University promoters have long called N.U. "the Harvard of the Midwest," and students sometimes wear T-shirts that read, HARVARD, THE NORTHWESTERN OF THE EAST. Though stiffer entrance standards and a certain Ivy elitism may separate Northwestern from its huge state-supported conference opponents, those factors alone don't explain the demise of the school's football team. It's becoming increasingly clear that in recent years N.U. has been paying modest attention not only to football but to its entire athletic program as well. As Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham says, "They're on the bottom in just about everything."

But N.U.'s football team hasn't always been so sorry. Four times the Wildcats have gone into the final game of the year undefeated (only to lose), and three times they have ended up ranked in the Top 10. Ara Parseghian coached Northwestern to six 500-or-better seasons from 1956 to 1963. Alex Agase (1964-1972) guided N.U. to a 6-1 Big Ten record in 1970 and a 6-3 conference mark the next season.

The slide began when John Pont, who had been fired at Indiana, became coach in 1973. In five seasons under Pont the Wildcats won 12 games and lost 43. From 1978 to 1980, with Pont as athletic director and Rick Venturi as coach, N.U. went 1-31-1. Venturi's only win, a 27-22 victory over Wyoming, is the distant marker by which The Streak is measured.

University President Robert H. Strotz blames the football team's failings on the lower academic standards at other schools, adding that N.U. doesn't offer a

major in physical education or any courses of study in which jocks can "hide." "In a subtle way we may be proving the problems inherent in maintaining high academic standards," says Strotz.

Some observers believe Strotz doesn't even particularly like football, that by acting as apologist for Pont, who, according to one Big Ten A.D., preferred golf with alumni to building a team, he confirmed his disdain for sporting matters. And such comments as the one Strotz made last week—that even when Northwestern loses, "if we have a party at our house we have fun"—have only further upset Green, a fiery young man who took over Venturi's job when alumni pressured Strotz to fire Pont and Venturi last fall.

Says N.U. grad Todd Sheets, a wide receiver and captain of the 1980 team, "After my last year I began to wonder if the university cared about the athletic department at all."

Defensive Tackle Jerald Wolff, from St. Louis, and Running Back Marc Hujik, from Kenosha, Wis., both freshmen, were two of the Wildcats' brightest hopes until they tore ligaments in their left knees several weeks ago. They now are recovering from surgery and sit, crutches at hand, in Dyche Stadium as their teammates get humiliated.

Wolff and Hujik are the kind of players Northwestern needs. Each is talented—Wolff made *Blue Chip* magazine's list of the 300 best high school players in America; Hujik was the 1980 Wisconsin Player of the Year—and smart. Wolff is an industrial engineering major; Hujik was valedictorian of a high school class of 804 and is majoring in computer science. Both are well aware of N.U.'s limitations but still believe the football program can come back.

"Northwestern doesn't have classes in underwater fire prevention," says Hujik, "but there are smart athletes around. If this freshman class sticks together and doesn't get beaten down, and we get a couple more good classes, I know we can do it."

"We believe in Coach Green," says Wolff.

It's touching to watch these two as they cheer Northwestern's every act of competence. They are, after all, newcomers to defeat. Indeed, Hujik never played in a losing football game until he got to college. Wolff played on a powerhouse high school team.

The options for Northwestern—it has ruled out dropping the football team to a lower NCAA class—are either to build to Big Ten standards or to give up the sport entirely. The alumni seem to be pressuring the school to pursue the first course, rebuilding. Money has already been spent—for new uniforms, new locker and training rooms—and more is said to be earmarked for recruiting. Although the football program loses money every year, Strotz says Green and new Athletic Director Doug Single, both of whom came from Stanford, have four or five years to make things work. It's possible that's how long Strotz has to do the same thing.

Villanova, another private school with fine academics, dropped football last year. But unlike Northwestern, Villanova's only concern was economic. With a 17,000-seat stadium, the school could never hope to break even on the sport. (Dyche Stadium holds 49,256.) The loss hasn't been taken easily at Villanova. "On full Saturdays, playing Boston College, Patriots' Day on campus—there was nothing like that," says Athletic Director Ted Aceto. "Sometimes when you have something, you don't appreciate it until it's gone."

For players like Wolff and Hujik, who have already given a part of themselves for their football team, it's not a problem of knowing what they have. It's a problem of possibly losing it all. The road back isn't going to be easy. "It's going to be the hardest thing I've ever done," says Green. And lest anyone forget, the Sirex meter is still running. Next week Northwestern travels to Columbus to play Ohio State.

## THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

**MIDWEST** Remember the good old days when the Big Ten was a three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust conference? Now it's 10 to 20 yards and a cloud of AstroTurf, and scoreboards are aglow with points. In five games last week Big Ten teams scored a total of 307 points and completed 179 of 360 passes for 2,331 yards. The turnaround has been so pronounced that the Big Ten leads the nation's conferences in passing yardage with an average of 197.9 a game per team.

Perhaps the best indication to date that throwing the ball in the Big Ten is no mere passing fancy came last week as Minnesota stunned visiting Ohio State 35-31. Although 100 passes were unleashed, The Gophers' Mike Hobensee, a junior college transfer from California, threw a school-record 67 of them. He also set Minnesota marks for completions (37) and passing yardage (444). The Gophers, who trailed 21-7 at the half and 31-21 in the fourth period, pulled out the game when Hobensee fired his fourth and fifth touchdown passes. Both were caught by reserve Tight End Jay Carroll, who had earlier grabbed another TD pass. Minnesota Coach Joe Salem admitted that Carroll's scoring plays were designed to get the fullback open. But Salem didn't mind at all that Hobensee hit Carroll instead on passes covering 27, 18 and 28 yards, the last with 2:38 left.

Illinois led Michigan 21-7 at the end of the opening quarter and was driving early in the second period. A blowout appeared imminent. It was Michigan won 70-21. Defensive Halfback Jerry Burger's end-zone interception thwarted the Illini's second-period thrust, and from there on the game belonged to the Wolverines. Michigan Quarterback Steve Smith ran for three touchdowns and passed for three more, two of them scored by Anthony Carter.

Iowa ended a two-game slide with its first victory over Purdue since 1960. The Hawkeyes won 33-7 by more or less corralling Boilermaker Quarterback Scott Campbell and Wide Receiver Steve Bryant. Campbell, who entered the game leading the nation in passing efficiency, completed 21 of 41 passes for 211 yards. Bryant, who was the No. 1 receiver in the country with 50 catches, was held to one reception. Gordy Bohannon, operating out of Iowa's new shotgun spread, which deploys two tight ends, passed for 136 yards and scored on runs of 12 and seven yards. "Twenty cotton-pickin' years!" shouted Iowa Coach Hayden Fry after the game. "The players are doing the hokey-pokey."

Another happy coach was Wisconsin's Dave McClain. The Badgers' 28-7 win at Indiana gave McClain his first victory in the Hoosier state since he left Ball State in 1978 to take his current job. Jess Cole, who passed for a touchdown in the first half, scored on a seven-yard run in the third period and collaborated with Split End Michael Jones on a 56-yard touchdown pass-run in the fourth. David Greenwood's 65-yard return of an interception cemented the victory for the Badgers, who are tied with Michigan for first place in the Big Ten, a game up on Ohio State and Iowa. Michigan State's game with Northwestern produced 39 total completed passes and 476 total yards passing.

There were lots of passes in the Notre Dame-Georgia Tech game, but the Irish got most of the yardage and an easy 35-3 win. The Yellow Jackets gained only 134 yards

continued

through the air, while the Irish picked up 253 Freshman Tailback Robert LeVette tied a Tech record with 14 catches, but they were good for only 50 yards. Another freshman, 5' 7", 163-pound Split End Joe (Small Wonder) Howard of Notre Dame, hooked up with Quarterback Blair Kiel on pass-runs covering 96 and 58 yards.

Oklahoma trailed 14-0 at Kansas State before the Sooners even got off a play. The Wildcats drove 80 yards for a touchdown in the game's first offensive series and then, after recovering the ensuing onside kick, put together a six-play drive for another score. Kansas State increased its lead to 21-0 early in the second period by converting a Sooner fumble into a TD. Freshman Halfback Alvin Ross made the score 21-6 with a four-yard run just before halftime, but Oklahoma missed the extra-point kick. The Sooners' troubles continued in the third quarter: A penalty nullified a touchdown, a first down at the Wildcat 12 was missed by inches and a fumble was lost at the Kansas State two. A 12-yard run by Ross and a two-point conversion run closed the gap to 21-14 as the final quarter began. From there on Oklahoma Quarterback Darrell Shepard was in charge. He ran 20 yards to pull the Sooners to within one but missed on a two-point pass try with 6:47 remaining. Then, after a short quick kick by the Wildcats on third-and-18, Shepard took the Sooners 60 yards in four plays. He dashed the last 49 for the go-ahead points with 2:31 to play. A two-point run by Shepard completed Oklahoma's 28-21 comeback.

Kansas did better, surprising Iowa State 24-11 in Ames. Frank Seurer benefited the Cyclones by passing for one touchdown and running for another. He completed 12 of 18 for 132 yards and ran for 101 yards.

Like Oklahoma, Oklahoma State fell behind quickly: 17-0 to Nebraska after one period. Unlike the Sooners, though, the Cowboys didn't regroup, and they lost 54-7. The Oklahoma State defense, second in the nation with an average yield of only 216 yards a game, was torn apart by the Cornhuskers, who gained 546 yards. I-Backs Roger Craig (121 yards, including a 69-yard scoring run) and Mike Roster (102 yards plus a 93-yard kickoff return for a touchdown) did much of the damage. The Cowboys committed seven turnovers, but had the distinction of scoring the first touchdown Nebraska's defense had allowed in six games.

Missouri came from 34 points back to knock off Colorado 30-14 and end a three-game losing streak.

In the second half, Central Michigan ran 57 plays and held Miami of Ohio to 15 yards on 13 plays but still lost 7-3. The Redskins took over second place in the Mid-American Conference by stopping Central five times within their 11. Miami's victory ended Toledo, a 28-14 victor over Western Michigan, to climb to first.

## SI TOP 20

1. PITT (8-0)	1*
2. USC (8-1)	2
3. CLEMSON (9-0)	3
4. GEORGIA (8-1)	4
5. PENN STATE (7-1)	5
6. N. CAROLINA (7-2)	6
7. ALABAMA (7-1-1)	7
8. SMU (8-1)	9
9. ARIZONA ST. (7-1)	10
10. MIAMI (6-2)	12
11. NEBRASKA (7-2)	15
12. MICHIGAN (7-2)	13
13. TEXAS (6-1-1)	8
14. ARKANSAS (7-2)	14
15. WASH. STATE (7-1-1)	19
16. S. MISSISSIPPI (7-0-1)	17
17. IOWA (6-3)	—
18. OKLAHOMA (5-2-1)	18
19. UCLA (6-2-1)	—
20. HAWAII (7-0)	20

\* Last week

**WEST** When Steve Brown returned a kickoff 93 yards for a touchdown to give Oregon a 7-6 first-quarter lead, Washington State rooters became fearful. They dreaded that the Cougars, who the week before had lost their first game of the season, at USC, would collapse as they so often had in recent years. The fans hadn't even fretted. Four second-half touchdowns—two by Fullback Robert Williams on runs of 22 and 12 yards—enabled Washington State to cruise to a 29-7 victory.

Stanford backers reveled in a 63-9 romp at Oregon State. The Cardinals, one of the season's biggest flops, gained 439 yards on the ground and 245 through the air as they ended a three-game losing streak. Quarterback John Elway (page 54) accounted for all the aerial yardage. Stanford's other superb offensive weapon, senior Wide Receiver Garin Nelson, ran 19 times for 190 yards, caught seven passes for 107 yards and broke a school record by scoring five touchdowns. Nelson's TDs came on a 53-yard pass play and on runs ranging from one to 80 yards. Nelson, who has gained 6,538 yards running, receiving and returning kicks, is only 77 short of Tony Dorsett's NCAA career mark.

Southern Cal's Marcus Allen broke another of Orelsett's NCAA records by increasing his season rushing yardage to 1,968 in a 21-3 victory over Cal. Allen gained 243 on 66 carries and scored three touchdowns despite practicing only twice last week because of a sprained ankle. The triumph enabled the Trojans to move into a tie with Arizona State for the Pac-10 lead, a half game ahead of Washington State and UCLA.

"Just because they're in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, people malign them," said Arizona State Coach Gary Rogers after the San Devils held off San Jose State 31-24. "They are better than most teams in the Pac-10. We knew the game would be like this." The score was 24-24 with 5:12 left when Arizona State's Mike Pagel threw a desperation pass on a third-down play. Wide Receiver Doug Allen made a leaping grab in the end zone to complete the San Devils' resurgence from a 24-17 third-period deficit. Pagel completed 20 of 42 throws for 347 yards. The Spartans picked up 344 yards in the air as Steve Clarkson hit on 25 of 53 passes, two of them for touchdowns.

UCLA scored all its points in second- and third-period spurts en route to a 31-0 win over Washington, which hadn't been shut out since 1976. The two scoring spurts, which lasted a total of only 4:50, were set up by an interception and the recovery of four fumbles.

Jim McMahon of Brigham Young didn't merely have a couple of hot moments; he kept firing until the final three minutes of a 63-14 rout of Colorado State. Coach LaVell Edwards led McMahon in the game to give him a shot at the NCAA single-game record for pass completions. McMahon got it by completing 44 of 65 passes for seven touchdowns. He also established three NCAA career records: 8,897 yards in total offense, surpassing the record set last year by Purdue's Mark Herrmann; touchdowns, responsible for 90; and points responsible for 1540. The last two records had belonged to Tennessee State's Joe Adams, who had accounted for 86 TDs and 518 points from 1977 through 1980.

BYU's win set up this week's showdown for WAC supremacy between the Cougars and Hawaii. The Rainbow Warriors won their 11th straight by routing Texas-El Paso 35-7 with 566 yards in total offense. Hawaii tailbacks excelled. Anthony Edgar, who scored on runs of 82 and 47 yards, rushed for 153 yards. Gary Allen ran for 71 and scored three times, once on a 62-yard pass.

New Mexico held visiting Utah to a 7-7 standoff. The Lobos earned the tie when Robb Gabriel, the son of former pro Quarterback Roman Gabriel, passed for 59 of his 71 yards during a fourth-quarter scoring drive.

San Diego State, which began the season with four victories, lost for the fourth straight time. Wyoming converted an interception and a fumble recovery into second-quarter touchdowns to go in front 14-0, and ultimately won 24-15. All of which left Hawaii 5-0 atop the WAC, followed by Utah at 4-0-1 and Wyoming and BYU, both 5-1.

**SOUTH** "I don't like to think of myself as being just a single-dimension ball, I can do more than just run the ball!" So said Georgia's Herschel Walker, who had to be multidimensional indeed for the Dogs to defeat Florida 26-21. The Gators

continued



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had a 14-0 lead late in the second quarter. Then Walker showed his stuff, teaming with Buck Belue on a 24-yard touchdown pass 31 seconds before halftime. Those two clicked again on a 16-yarder that tied the game at 14 in the third period. Walker's four-yard run in the fourth quarter put Georgia in front, but the Bulldogs' errant PAT left the door open for Florida, which went on top 21-20 when Wayne Peace hit Spencer Jackson with a 10-yard pass. So it was back to work for Walker, who culminated a 95-yard, 18-play drive with a one-yard leap into the end zone with 2:31 left. The Gators, who had been yielding just 120 yards a game on the ground, found out how destructive Walker could be: He ran for 192 yards on 47 carries.

Dank Moore's 23- and 49-yard field goals gave Mississippi State a 6-0 lead over Southern Mississippi in a non-conference game. A crowd of 64,112, the largest ever to see a sporting event in the state, showed up in Jackson and watched the Golden Eagles pull out a 7-6 victory after recovering a fumble at the Bulldog 14 in the second period. Sammy Winder needed just three carries to reach the end zone, which he did on a one-yard run.

Miami won its second straight Sunshiny State title with a 27-19 defeat of Florida State. The Hurricanes, who beat Florida earlier in the year, trailed 13-10 before Duntley Miller kicked a 57-yard field goal. Halfback Smokey Roun put Miami in front on a six-yard touchdown run. Jim Kelly then passed 23 yards to Fullback Speedy Neal for the clincher.

"If you're going to be a good team, you have to get points from your defense and specialty teams," said Penn State Coach Joe Paterno after the Nittany Lions had won 22-15 at North Carolina State. Penn State's specialists did just that: Kevin Baugh set up a touchdown with a 56-yard punt return and Cornerback Giuseppe Harris blocked a punt for a safety. In between came the most dazzling play of all—a fake punt. Instead of the ball being stopped to Kicker Ralph Giammarino, it went to Ken Kelley, a former high school quarterback who was the upback. Kelley passed five yards to Harry Hamilton, who ran 46 more for a TD. The Nittany Lions needed all that help from their specialty teams because their leading ground-gainer, Curt Warner, was out with a pulled hamstring.

Tailback Mike Grunson ran for 188 yards on 17 carries and threw a 13-yard touchdown pass to lift Duke past Wake Forest 31-10 in an ACC game. Meanwhile, Clemson took over first place in the conference by edging North Carolina 10-8 (page 48).

Tailback Larry Fouqurean gained 245 yards on 32 carries as Marshall defeated Appalachian State 17-10. The victory was the Thundering Herd's first Southern Conference win in 27 attempts.

Pacific pulled off one of the week's biggest shocks by beating South Carolina 23-21.

**EAST** Was this going to be the pivot for Pat? Would the Panthers, trailing Rutgers 3-0 late in the second period at New Jersey's Meadowlands, become the sixth No. 1-ranked squad to fall this season? No way. Two touchdown passes by Dan Marino put Pitt in front 14-3 at the intermission. Marino then sneaked one yard for a score in the third quarter, passed for another in the fourth and finished with 18 of 28 for 239 yards. The Panthers picked up 315 yards on the ground and came out on top 47-3. Tailback Bryan Thomas, who rushed for 168 yards and one TD, also caught five passes.

That wasn't the Seventh Fleet that beat Syracuse 35-23. It was Senior Tailback Eddie Meyers, who broke his own Navy single-game rushing record by running for 298 yards, the none anyone had ever gained against the Orange. Meyers thereby also set a Middle career rushing record, boosting his total to 2,620 yards. Against Syracuse he scored four times, on jaunts of 10, 32, five and 78 yards.

Army's Gerald Walker ran 21 and 39 yards for touchdowns and wound up with 162 yards rushing against Holy Cross before leaving the game in the third quarter with bruised ribs. But Walker wasn't enough; the Crusaders erased a 13-0 Cadet lead and won 28-13.

West Virginia overcame Temple's 10-0 first-quarter lead to prevail 24-19. Jim Brown of the Owls ran for 178 yards, and Oliver Luck of the Mountaineers passed for 234.

Yale, too, had to scramble to avoid losing. The Elis were down 17-7 at the start of the final period at Cornell. What's more, Yale Quarterback John Rogan had been sidelined with an injured right elbow. Two poor punts, a lost fumble and a deliberate safety by the Red Raiders enabled the Elis to gain a 23-17 win and remain undefeated. The decisive points came with 53 seconds to play when Joe Dufek, Rogan's replacement, hit Wide Receiver Curtis Grieve with a 16-yard touchdown pass. It was Grieve's 10th TD reception of the season. Dartmouth defeated Columbia 21-7 in the only other game between Ivy League opponents. Princeton's Bob Holt passed for three touchdowns and ran for two, but Maine rallied from a 28-14 deficit to win 55-44. Delaware routed winless Penn 40-6. Brown won 10-8 at Rhode Island, and Harvard beat William & Mary 23-14.

Waldner (Pa.), the No. 1 Division III team, coasted past Ursinus 43-14 for its 34th straight regular-season victory.

**SOUTHWEST** "I thought we'd have to give the kickoff takers month-to-month resuscitation," said Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz after a breathtaking 41-39 victory over Baylor in Little Rock. Jay Jeffery of the Bears was on target with 17 of 26 passes for 286 yards and three touchdowns. Two of those scoring throws were hauled in by Split End Gerald McNeil, who caught 10 passes altogether for a

school-record 197 yards. Fullback Dennis Gentry put Baylor ahead 39-38 with 2:05 to go by grabbing Jeffery's nine-yard toss on fourth down. But for the second time in the final period, the Bears failed on a two-point conversion. Freshman Quarterback Brad Taylor then took the Razorbacks 66 yards in nine plays. By completing all five of his passes during the drive, Taylor wound up hitting on 17 of 23 throws for 250 yards. Fullback Jesse Clark, who tied the Arkansas single-game touchdown record with five scoring runs, didn't get a chance to wrap up the final march. That opportunity went to Bruce Lahay, who earlier in the game had booted a 49-yard field goal. This time, with 32 seconds remaining, Lahay kicked a 27-yarder that put the local fans in Hog heaven.

There was no such joy in Houston, where Texas, which trailed 14-0 in halftime, salvaged a 14-14 deadlock. Robert Brewer, who took over at quarterback for the Longhorns after Rick McIvor injured his right shoulder shortly before halftime, was instrumental in dashing Houston's hopes for an upset. Brewer completed three passes for 38 yards during an 80-yard fourth-quarter drive that ended when John Walker ran eight yards for a touchdown. That score, plus Walker's grab of Brewer's PAT pass, cut Houston's advantage to 14-11. Then with 3:27 to go, Raul Allegre, who had

#### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE** Senior Quarterback Jim McMahon of BYU threw for seven touchdowns and 538 yards, setting four NCAA records, including most completions in a game (44), in a rout of Colorado State.

**DEFENSE** Freshman Johnny Jackson, a 5'11", 210-pound linebacker, helped New Mexico earn a 7-7 tie with Utah by taking part in 16 tackles. Two were quarterback sacks that set Utah back 21 yards.

kicked a 45-yard field goal in the third period, added a 47-yarder.

Despite four turnovers and 14 penalties, SMU defensed Rice 33-12. The Mustangs rolled up 513 yards in total offense, with tailbacks Eric Dickinson and Ctang James accounting for a total of 347. Dickinson ran for 186 yards on 26 carries and scored his 10th TD of the season on a 58-yard sprint. James, who carried 20 times, gained 161 yards.

For Texas Christian, its game at Texas Tech seemed to drag on longer than a performance of Nicholas Nickleby. After three periods the Horned Frogs were behind 32-15. Then came the final act: three TCU touchdowns and a safety caused by Linebacker Mike Dry, the son of Coach FA. Dry, who blocked a punt out of the end zone with 1:31 to go. When the curtain came down, the score was 39-39.

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## PRO BASKETBALL

The Detroit Pistons are clinging to a 99-94 lead against the New Jersey Nets in the Silverdome with 3:30 to play. Isiah Thomas, loitering deep in a corner, grabs a loose ball that's careering out of bounds and bounces it between his legs, while leaning over the end line and standing on one foot. He barely regains his balance when a Net player knocks him into the Detroit bench. Piston Coach Scotty Robertson asks anxiously, "Are you all right?" A grin lights up Thomas' face. "I'm fine, Coach, how are you?"

Scotty and the rest of the Pistons will be just fine if Thomas can continue his inspired play. Averaging 23 points, 5.6 assists and a score of smiles per game, he had led Detroit to a 3-2 record at week's end. That kind of start wouldn't mean much in a lot of places, but for perennially deprived Detroit it's hot stuff. There were victories over New Jersey and the two clubs generally considered the Central Division's best, Milwaukee and Chicago. By defeating those teams the Pistons won their first three games for the first time in 11 years; last season they lost 12 before winning three.

The 20-year-old Thomas doesn't quite reach the 6' 1" listed in the program and, while he packs close to 180 pounds—playing weight for some heavy-hitting NFL defensive backs—he will never be mistaken for Lester Hayes. At first sight, in fact, there doesn't appear to be much more to Thomas than his dominating grin, which starts with a pair of deeply set dimples and sneaks up each side of his face to his shining, almost sparkling eyes. The grin is omnipresent, even on the basketball court, no matter the situation, which has led one observer to comment, "Maybe he can't help it, like when a baby has gas."

It's impossible to say how many scouts and opponents have misjudged Thomas because of that exceptional grin or that unexceptional frame. You would think they would have learned. At St. Joseph's High School in Westchester, Ill., five miles from his home on Chicago's West Side, his teams were 73-15. At Indiana, Thomas, as a sophomore, contributed mightily to winning last spring's NCAA championship, which in turn created

just the "right" conditions for him to turn pro.

That "Angel with the Dirty Face" look is the reason why women, young and old, want to cuddle Thomas, who says he has "about 12 mothers." It's why Converse is paying him an estimated \$100,000 to wear its shoes this year and, perhaps most important, why his Detroit teammates aren't jealous of his four-year, \$1 million contract or the publicity that has already made him the second coming of Magic Johnson. Not that Thomas doesn't eat it up. "All the great ones have a little ball in them," Robertson says. "The other day he was standing around when the Linns walked by, going to practice in the Silverdome. All of a sudden there's Isiah going through his legs and behind his back."

Stuff like that may have impressed the Lions, but it sure didn't impress Bobby Knight. When Indiana was struggling at

by Anthony Cotton

which Thomas had 21 points, Tripucka, who—honest Injun—starts every day with a bowl of Wheaties, thanks things are turning around. "Isiah and I aren't used to losing," he says. "We'd like to create an atmosphere here like we had in school. When we won our first game this year, I was jumping up and down and screaming, looking for someone's hand to shake. But everyone kept on walking like it was just another game we won."

Either they knew something Tripucka didn't or they were fearful it couldn't last. A contender in the early '70s (coaches Bill van Breda Kolff, Ray Scott and Herb Brown each had one winning season), the Detroit franchise fell on hard times because of a series of inept front-office decisions, the most recent being the trade of M.L. Carr and two No. 1 draft

continued

## Finding a profit in Isiah

Indiana sensation Isiah Thomas is leading the Pistons to respectability

7-5 last December, Knight was none too pleased with Thomas' freelance game. And, even though the Hoosiers went all the way, Knight wasn't notably shaken when Thomas decided to cast his lot with the NBA.

Unquestionably Thomas—along with the Pistons' other first-round pick in last June's draft, Notre Dame's Kelly Tripucka, who's averaging 12.4 points a game—has given the Pistons a big lift. The club's publicity people say "Piston Fever" is sweeping the town, but the at-first unconvinced fans, burned by 21 losing seasons in 24 years, were treating it like malaria. Chicago and New Jersey drew only a little more than 14,000 combined, but 15,035 showed for what turned out to be a 129-88 trouncing by world-champion Boston last Saturday, in

"Sinatra was made to sing, Jesse Owens to run and Isiah Thomas to play basketball."



choices to Boston for Bob McAdoo in 1979. McAdoo didn't pan out in Detroit and was waived last March 11, while Carr has been an integral player for the Celtics. The Celtic draft choices became Kevin McHale and Robert Parish, the latter acquired in a deal with Golden State, which took Joe Barry Carroll and Ricky Brown.

This year's draft, however, is another matter. When the ball is in Isiah's hands, all the other Pistons seem to become smarter. They know each cut to the basket represents a potential two points, so moving without the ball—not normally a high priority here—has become most desirable. At least that's the way Piston

General Manager Jack McCloskey sees it. "If a player does something especially well, the others pick up on it," McCloskey says. "When I get into position," says Forward John Long, the team's leading scorer last season, "I know I'm going to get the ball. I can't be double-teamed now like I was last year, and neither can Thomas, because he'll dish it off to me." Will Robinson, McCloskey's administrative assistant, agrees. "I believe God made people to perform certain arts," he says. "Sinatra was made to sing, Jesse Owens was made to run and Isiah Thomas was made to play basketball."

Despite that engaging grin, Thomas can play rough, elbowing and cheating for an edge. "Isiah is going to do whatever needs to be done to get the job done," Robertson said after Thomas' 31-point, 11-assist performance against Milwaukee on opening night. "I'm not saying he's going to out-jump Kareem, but Kareem's gonna have to jump."

But that's one match-up Thomas admits he's not ready for. "The only person I've been surprised by has been Kareem," says Thomas, who played against Abdul-Jabbar's Lakers in the preseason. "Everyone calls him the dominant center, but he's much better than that. The things he does, the plays he makes. You look at him and you can tell he's been taught very well."

So was Thomas. Given his fascination with fundamentals, there was little doubt why he chose Indiana and its taskmaster, Knight, despite pressure from what seemed like the entire city of Chicago, including his mother, to stay at home and attend DePaul. Choosing Indiana may have been one of the few things he's done exactly as he wanted to.

As Thomas relates that story in a Washington hotel room, there's a knock on the door and he opens it to find a sportscaster and camera crew from a local station. Thomas begs off because of

fatigue, but the sportscaster is insistent. They talk several minutes more before a compromise is reached. Thomas will see them a few hours later. Thomas isn't upset about the ambush, but rather because "that man is probably thinking I'm a jerk for not talking to him." Robertson says Thomas would like to be everything for everybody, and Thomas doesn't disagree.

"He got that from me," says his mother, Mary Thomas. "The minute someone looks at us with sad eyes, we're over there trying to help." Isiah's father left the family when he was four, leaving Mary, a retired Chicago Housing Authority worker, to raise nine children. The youngest, Isiah, has always been a favorite. "Even now I'll wake up at midnight or one in the morning and give him a call," Mary Thomas says. "I was kind of like his first coach. I'd always talk to him and wherever I went, he went. We walked and talked many a day together when he was younger. He probably didn't understand what I was saying, but he looked up at me like he did."

Thomas says he wasn't a bad kid. "Just hardheaded," but before he could prove it on the streets, his brothers directed him to the local Boys' Club.

"There were people who got shot and stabbed and all that stuff, but we enjoyed the West Side," says Thomas. "I appreciate it even more now. Take something like shoes. You take care of them better because when you were young and got a pair they had to last for a year or two. Or three meals a day. I know everybody doesn't get that."

"You can't take things for granted. I think about where I am and it's awesome, it's crazy. One day you're not able to get anything and the next day you can have whatever you want."

Except respite from the rigors of the NBA life-style. "People have no idea how difficult it is playing in the league, how tiring the travel can be," he said before last Friday's game with the Bullets, in which he found out firsthand. John Lucas blew past a fatigued Thomas for a couple of easy buckets. Late in the game Thomas was fouled while shooting and went to the line for a pair of important free throws. Up for the first, Thomas toed the line, took a deep breath, bent his knees—and shot an airball. Later, he would say, "My mind said yes but my legs said no." Nevertheless, when the ball hit the floor, the biggest smile in the Capital Centre belonged to Isiah Thomas. **END**



Thomas wants to be everything to everybody, but especially to mom Mary, his first "coach" and biggest fan.



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## The puck doesn't stop here

by Mike DeNagro

*Trigger-happy, defense-shy players are on a scoring rampage in the NHL.*

**T**hey are pointing an accusing finger at Bobby Orr and Mike Bossy. They're blaming Europe, Swiss-cheese goalies and coaches. Everybody is in a dither over the fact that the scoring in NHL games is assuming NBA proportions. Take last Saturday night: Boston 10, Quebec 1; Toronto 9, Los Angeles 4; Pittsburgh 7, Philadelphia 2. On Sunday it was Chicago 10, Calgary 4.

Nine or more goals were scored in 68 of the first 154 games this season. There have been no 1-0 or 2-0 games and only five shutouts. All but three teams have given up seven or more goals at least once.

Three weeks ago the Flyers faced Montreal; both teams were undefeated at the time. In the days when Bernie Parent and Ken Dryden were the goalies, these clubs played classic close-to-the-vest hockey. Not this time. The game was an

11-2 blowout for the Canadiens. Six nights later in Quebec, Montreal was up 4-1 after one period. Once upon a time a three-goal lead was as safe as a certificate of deposit. No longer. Quebec cranked up and won 5-4.

"It used to be you'd get three or four goals and you were a cinch to win," says Pittsburgh General Manager Baz Bastien. "Now you can score five, and there's a good chance you'll lose." The statistics support his observation. The beginnings of the trend were evident last season. Montreal, which won the Vezina Trophy for giving up the fewest goals (232), was scored on 28 times more than any previous Vezina winner had been. In 1953-54 the six NHL teams scored a total of 1,009 goals, an average of 4.8 a game. Last year the league's 21 clubs averaged 7.7 goals, the highest since the NHL introduced the center red line in 1943. And

so far this season, the average has jumped to 8.1. Contrary to popular assumption, the increase cannot be attributed to more shots on goal. In fact, they have remained fairly constant over the last two decades (see chart, page 83).

The ones suffering the most are, of course, the goalies. Look at what has happened to Chicago's Tony Esposito. In 1970-71, Esposito yielded 1.76 goals a game. Last year he gave up 3.75. So far this season, souped-up rival attacks have burned him for 5.37 goals a game. "Low averages are getting to be impossible," says Esposito. "Today you can go through a whole season without a shutout." In 1969-70 Esposito had a league-high 15 shutouts in 63 games. In 1979-80 he led the league with six. Last year he had none for the first time in his career.

It isn't just the powerhouses that are running up scores, either. Against Calgary two weeks ago, Detroit got a dozen goals. That's more than the Red Wings had scored in a game since 1944. To prove that barrage was no fluke, last week the Red Wings scored 10 goals against the Kings. Philadelphia has given up 42 goals in its last six games, and Edmonton already has scored 81 goals in 15 games. Last year the Oilers didn't score their 81st goal until Nov. 28. Two Oilers, Paul Coffey (21 points) and Risto Siltaanen (19), are among the league's top scorers. And they're defensemen.

"Fans like to see 6-5 games more than 1-0 games," says Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky, who has 15 goals and 14 assists and is three games ahead of his record-setting scoring pace of last season. "I know we prefer them, too. If we can get into a basketball game, we love it."

Many purists maintain that the primary reason scoring is going through the roof is that today's players are trigger-happy. They are the biggest, fastest and most accomplished skaters the NHL has ever seen. And just about every one of them is a shooter. "In my time you could

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RAMUS



Shell-shocked netminders who once got shutouts now settle for survival.

*continued*

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cheat a little," says former Black Hawk goaltender Glenn Hall. "You'd say, 'The shot is going to come from there because that's where the goal-scorer is.' Now they're all goal-scorers."

What has been happening, says Chicago Coach Keith Magnuson, is simple enough: "In junior hockey a young player concentrates on offense because he knows that the more he scores, the higher he'll be drafted." Well before he reaches the NHL, a player knows that scorers earn the biggest bucks. Also, since expansion in 1979-80 and the lowering of the minimum draft age to 18 in 1978, the NHL has been overrun with young players. The average age is 25.3, the lowest in history. What these youngsters do best is shoot, shoot, shoot. "The shooters are definitely smarter," says Montreal Goalie Rick Wamsley. "They don't waste time with the puck. They've seen the success that Bossy has had with the Islanders, and he doesn't look before he shoots. A puck hits his stick and he lets fly. The goaltender has no time to get set."

It's tempting to blame the scoring explosion on poor goaltending. While the quality of NHL goaltending is at a ridiculously low level, these beleaguered guardians all too often are left to fend for themselves. The era of the defensive defenseman—someone who hung tough to protect his goalie—is long gone. "Defense doesn't matter anymore," says Frank Mahovlich, the former Maple Leaf, Red Wing and Canadian marksman, "not only to defensemen, but to forwards as well. Forwards don't come back to help out often enough, so there are more scoring chances and therefore more goals. Today everyone goes for goals. We did in my day, too. But we also checked. No one does that job now."

Says former Boston Coach Don Cherry, "There's no contact anywhere in the game this year. When was the last time a team drafted a checker?" According to St. Louis Center Mike Zuke, "Probably the hardest commodity to find in hockey is a defensive defenseman. Agents, for young players especially, can't sell their clients on the intangibles of defense; they can't show statistics on that."

Today's young defensemen are products of what one NHL coach calls "the Bobby Orr baby boom." Orr revolutionized the concept of playing defense. He controlled play, handled the puck, shot



One myth about the NHL is that scoring is up because shots on goal have increased.

and scored. "The best defensemen today are offensive defensemen," says Toronto G.M. Punch Imlach. "Orr's responsible for that. Everyone is trying to play the way he did. Naturally, they can't."

What's more, no longer do NHL coaches rely chiefly on one line to light up the scoreboard. Most teams now have two or three that can. What with all the firepower from defensemen as well as forwards, coaches have quit trying to protect leads. A few years ago teams would get one or two goals ahead and play keep-away. Toronto won Stanley Cups in 1962, '63 and '64 by making one goal look as big as 10; old opponents must still bear the marks left by the Leafs' barbed-wire defense. But now, a lead is merely a spark for piling on more goals.

Moreover, coaching—read teaching—is a lost art in North America, except on the college level. In the Soviet Union, teams practice three times as often as they play. In the NHL, however, with an 80-game, six-month schedule, teams typically play three games in a week while practicing only twice.

Still another factor in the scoring surge has been the replacement of oversized, immobile goons with small, quick players who can score. This swing toward speedy skaters is largely the result of the European influence on the NHL. In 1975-76 there were 12 European-born players on NHL rosters. Now there are 54.

"Because of the larger ice surface in

Europe, a player has to skate well to be a star over there," says Montreal Managing Director Irving Grundman. "But it's well known that the Europeans aren't as strong defensively, especially in their own zone, as NHL players are." Yet, Europeans have largely taken the place of enforcers who couldn't score. Time was a club had only a few players who got 20 goals in a season. Last year St. Louis had 10 with 20 or more.

As the pucks fly, it's easy to see that there is also more individualism out there than ever before. Edmonton Coach Glen Sather tells Gretzky he doesn't care if he checks. Montreal's Mark Napier says, "It takes more of a team effort to win by a shutout than to win in a shootout."

And such team efforts are becoming increasingly rare. Whether the scoring explosion is good for the sport is another matter. Hockey people disagree. Several executives around the league concur with Red Wings' Coach Wayne Maxner, who says, "People came to see Bobby Hull shoot the puck. They didn't come to see him check."

Perhaps, but people don't go to games to see cheap goals and one-way hockey. As Ed Van Impe, a former defensive defenseman for the Flyers, points out, "For the life of me, I can't understand why the Europeans should dictate the style of play in the NHL. Hockey is very entertaining over in Europe, but it's like the Ice Capades."

# Medora Goes



# to The Game

*With an ulterior motive, the author took his 9-year-old daughter to see Harvard play Yale, and may have learned more about her that day than she did about football*

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**



# The Game

continued

Last fall, thinking of it as a kind of Christmas present given in advance, I offered to take my 9-year-old daughter, Medora, to her first Harvard-Yale football game. Actually, it was a selfish idea—an excuse to see my alma mater play against the Yales—and, as I expected, her enthusiasm was guarded. She has other ideas about Christmas. She has seen *The Black Stallion* six or seven times, and a horse, steaming in the winter air out on the lawn, is what she hopes to see through her window when she awakens on Christmas morning. It was easy to tell the Harvard-Yale game wasn't even on her "list." She looked at me gravely through the gray-green eyes she has inherited from her mother and asked, "What is it?"

"It's a football game," I explained, "so important that it's called The Game. There is no other The Game. A Yale coach named Ted Coy once told his players before The Game that they would never do anything quite as important in their lives as what they would be doing that afternoon." I went on to say that Percy Haughton, the Harvard coach from 1908 to 1916, had tried to get his players pepped up before The Game by hauling a bulldog, the Yale symbol, into the locker room and actually strangling the animal.

"He did what? Killed a dog?" Medora's eyes blazed. I had made a bad error.

I explained that it was just a legend. "He never actually did that," I said. "He couldn't. A bulldog hasn't got a neck." I went on to say that what Haughton had done was ride around Cambridge dragging a papier-mâché bulldog from the rear bumper of his car. That was how the legend had started.

Medora wasn't placated in the least. "That's even grosser," she said, "pulling a dog around from the back of a car!"

"More gross," I corrected her, and tried hurriedly to explain that papier-mâché—a word she had apparently not heard in her young life—wasn't the name of a bulldog breed, as she suspected, but meant that the dog was fake.

I assumed that was the end of things. The Harvard-Yale game as a Christmas present was out. But the night before The Game, just after her supper, Medora appeared at my study door and announced, "I'm ready. I've packed."

I was delighted. I retrieved the two tickets I was planning to give away, and early next morning we took the shuttle to Boston. The plane was crowded—many aboard, judging from the heavy coats and the predominance of blue and red in their attire, were on their way to The Game. Me-

dora and I sat together. She was wearing a yellow jumpsuit, but the rest of her outfit, somewhat to my dismay, was blue—the Yale color. Her woolen hat was blue, and so were her parka, scarf, socks, shoulder bag and sneakers. "My favorite color is blue," she said simply.

It worried me. I had ulterior motives (besides the chance to see The Game) in taking Medora to Cambridge. My vague hope was that she would become impressed enough with Harvard to think about working hard at her studies so she might go there one day. I knew it wasn't important where she went as long as she approved of the choice herself. But I hoped it wasn't going to be Yale. After all, it would be one



A proper Crimson wool hat for Medora supplanted one of decreed Ith blue

thing to sit in the stands and root for her as she performed for the Smith College field hockey team, or the Rutgers gymnastic squad, or whatever, but to think of her across the football field joyfully waving a blue pennant and yelling "Bow-wow-wow!" with the Yale team poised on the Harvard goal line, while I raise a feeble "Hold 'em!" across the way, is a possibility too intolerable to consider.

"I should tell you something," Medora was saying beside me in the plane. She pointed to a tall blue feather a man a few seats in front of us sported from his husband. It had a white Y on it. "There's my favorite letter." When I asked her why, she said it was because the yacht club where she is learning to sail has a blue pennant with a Y in the center and she likes to see it snapping in the wind from the bow of the club launch.

"What's wrong with an H?" I asked.

"Well, it looks like a house with two chimneys that are too tall," she said as she produced a note pad from her shoulder bag and with her brown hair brushing the paper, as she bent to her work, fashioned an H. She finished it with some squiggles of smoke emerging from both chimneys.

"See?"

"Yes," I said.

Her interest in yachting is another vague worry. Medora spends her summers on the water. Her lips are pale from the salt. Her yellow slicker lies discarded on the lawn when she comes home exhausted; retrieved, it is flung over a shoulder as she heads for Gardiners Bay the next morning. I keep hoping she'll spend more time on the tennis court. She can hit a tennis ball with authority, although she seems slightly hesitant about how the game is scored. Surely that will come. I see myself, like John McEnroe's father, peering out from under a white tennis hat, arms folded on the balustrade overlooking some exotic court, in Monte Carlo, say, and watching Medora move to the net under a high, kicking serve to Pam Shriver's backhand.

Medora was looking out the plane window. I interrupted her reverie. "When we get to Cambridge, would you mind if I bought you a Harvard hat?" I asked her. "We're going to be sitting among a lot of Harvards and there'll be confusion with all this blue you're wearing."

She nodded vaguely. She had some things she wanted to show me from her shoulder bag. She produced a four-page handwritten "newspaper." "Sherman Reddy and I are the editors," she told me. The front page dealt with the November election. CARTER IS DEFEATED the headline read in my daughter's recognizable penmanship. The subhead announced RAGEN WON THE ELECTION BY FAR. The news story was brief. It read: "Carter worked very hard but he was defeated. In 1981 Ragen will be President. Let us hope he is good." Underneath this story was a poll on whether Ragen



Given an outsized *BEAT YALE* button to pin on her coat, Medora despaired.

would be good. He got one yes and one no—the two editors apparently being not only the pollsters but also the sole respondents as well. I asked Medora, who was the only girl in her class to "vote" for Carter, what was wrong with President Reagan. "He laughs too much. He thinks everything is funny," she said. The rest of the paper was made up of "advertisements," most of them for restaurants (*Dining out tonight? Have a fish . . .*). There was one recently added story.

#### MEDORA TO SEE THE GAM

"It has an e on the end of it," I said.

She brought out her pencil to make the correction.

"Perhaps you could do an extra on the Harvard-Yale game." I suggested as Medora returned the newspaper to the bag. She said she would discuss it with her co-editor.

She had brought along some good-luck tokens she showed me—a stuffed koala bear in a miniature straw basket suspended by a ribbon from her neck. The bear was nestled on crumpled-up pieces of Kleenex—"to make him comfortable," Medora said. She took him out to show him to me, revolving him solemnly between thumb and forefinger before returning him to the basket. "I hope he's the right one," she

*continued*

## The Game

continued

said, "I have another one, which looks exactly the same, who is bad luck."

"How do you tell them apart?" I asked.

"If I have really bad luck," she explained, "I know I've got the wrong one with me."

"Perhaps you could throw that one away," I suggested.

"It's better not to," she replied. "In case the other is really bad luck."

She then showed me an ivory whistle made of two intertwined fish. She said if the Yale players heard it they would, as she put it, "shrivel."

The day in Boston was brilliant and cold; the wind ruffled the surface of the Charles as we drove beside it in a taxi from the airport. I said that in the spring the crews came out on the river—"Eight men in a line, one rowing behind the other. The boats they row in are as thin as pencils," I said, trying to be graphic. "They're called shells." Medora tried to look suave at this explanation. What an enormous amount of odd pursuits there were in the world, I thought, and how difficult it was to make sense of them to a 9-year-old. We saw a number of sights that required my saying something about them—the scrum of a rugby game on the lawn of the Harvard Business School, the tailgaters along the banks of the river—"drinking cocktails out of the back of their cars," was how I tried to describe it—the gay activist contingents chanting at the gates of Soldiers Field, the first raccoon coats she had ever seen.

We got out at Harvard Square. I had time before the game

to show her part of the college. We wandered along the walks. I tried to think what would give her a sense of the history and the character of the university and yet would be interesting to someone infatuated with horses and sailboats. As we walked through the gates into Harvard Yard I said that I remembered that the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric was by tradition allowed to graze a cow in the Yard, though no holder of that position had been known to avail himself of the privilege. Professors rarely came with cows. Medora seemed especially interested. Was it possible to graze a horse in the Yard? she wished to know. And what about birds? she asked. "If I go to Harvard will I be able to bring Tiffany?" Tiffany is her parakeet. My heart jumped at her mention of the college. I said I was sure it could be arranged.

We started for Harvard Stadium. I bought her a wool Harvard cap and a large red **HEAT VALE** button. She exchanged the red hat for the blue one she had been wearing, but she dropped the button into her shoulder bag. I shrugged. Perhaps it was too big for her tastes. Outside the stadium I bought a Harvard banner and a game program.

We found our seats and Medora almost immediately came down with an acute case of the hiccups. "Am I going to hiccup for the entire game?" she asked me.

"I don't know," I replied. "What do you think?"

She said she wasn't sure.

As the teams came out onto the field I opened up the program to see who was who and discovered I had been galled by a vendor into buying a *Harvard Lampoon* par . . .



The Plumpton spent the third quarter waiting to buy her dogs at one of the few amenities to be found in ancient Harvard Stadium.

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# The Game

—Continued—



At a previous point in the former magazine's building, George was the over-exposed

ody of the official program. The lead story was about a headless Yale player—Aemon Bonderchuk “the horrible freak who hopes to lead the Elis to victory”—and, sure enough, there were some photographs doctored so that it indeed looked as if Yale had a headless player. According to the story, Carmen Cozza, the Yale coach, had been asked about him: “Aemon? Sure. Nice boy. Good hands. Big heart. No head.”

I showed a picture of Bonderchuk to Medora. “Look at this. Yale has somebody out there with no head.”

“How awful,” she said. “Was it a Harvard person who did that to him?”

After a while she said that she thought seeing the headless player in the program had startled about her hiccup. “I’m cured,” she said. “She gave a sigh of relief and looked out on the field.”

Does Yale have its building over there?” she asked, squinting toward the opposite sideline. When I said I thought so, she asked what the Harvard mascot was.

“A Puritan.”

“What’s a Puritan?” Medora asked.

“He’s a man with knee breeches and a tall, conical hat with a buckle on it. People like him founded Harvard.”

As I hovered in the stands it occurred to me that there seemed to be so much more that Yale had to offer an impressionable young girl. Their songs were better. The building while hardly a comfy sort of animal, was infinitely more pleasant to have around than a Puritan, and he enabled the Yale songs to have catchy lines like “Bow-wow-wow. Why couldn’t Cole Porter (Yale ’13), who had written so many of those gems while an undergraduate, have gone to Harvard? Why had Leonard Bernstein (Harvard ’39) waited until West Side Story before doing his best? The Yale band was playing one of Cole Porter’s most memorable tunes: “March

on Down the Field”—and I realized with a start that I was singing along, my lips moving involuntarily.

It didn’t turn out to be much of a day for Harvard. The wind, which remained brisk and into which yellow airplanes towing advertising messages above the stadium barely made headway, played havoc with the football—especially, it seemed to me, when Brian Buckley, the left-handed Harvard quarterback, tried to pass or when the Crimson’s kicker, Steve Flach, went back to punt. On the whole, the brand of football was spotty, as symbolized by a play midway in the game when Flach, back to punt, took a snap that skittered along the ground like a dog running for him, leaping at the last second for

his chest and bouncing off. By the time Flach had the ball under control, the Yale line was on him. He took a feeble swipe at the ball—the kind an elderly aunt might aim at a terrorist napping at her feet—and missed it.

The Yale middle guard, Kevin Czingier, picked up the ball and started for the goal line. There wasn’t a Harvard man within yards. A number of Yale men raced up to join Czingier, and it was while this pack of players was running unencumbered by anything more serious than a scrap of windblown paper skimming across the field that Czingier suddenly went down as if he had run into a trip wire, apparently having stumbled over the heels of one of his teammates. A gasp went up in the stadium—not really of dismay from Yale fans or of relief from Harvard rooters, but at the realization, I think, that because the game was being telecast throughout the East, this dreadful pratfall was being beamed into any number of places—bars in Hoboken, N.J. or Erie, Pa., perhaps—where people were quite likely scornful of Ivy League football to begin with and where now, peering up at the TV screen at the end of the bar, they saw a Yale player, racing for the Harvard goal line with a football under his arm, surrounded by his fellows, suddenly stumble and collapse as if poleaxed. And they would never know that after the game it would be discovered that Czingier, far from having been tripped, had torn a back muscle.

The enormity of this, of course, was lost on Medora. I kept an eye on her. Every once in a while I caught her staring at the field in deep thought, lost in some internal consideration. Sometimes her lips moved slightly—a recitation of some sort—and when she caught me looking at her, she would start and smile quickly, her eyes sparkling. Once she said, “Gee, Dad, that’s great!” though I hadn’t said anything to elicit such a remark. She had her mind on something.

What do you think of it?” I asked.

Continued



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This practice is called cost shifting. It's unfair. Private patients should not be billed for hospital costs the government doesn't pay.

A study of federal government data reveals the severity of cost shifting. The difference between hospital charges and Medicare/Medicaid payments has more than doubled in ten years. This same study shows that underpayments by Medicare/Medicaid that were shifted to private patients amounted to nearly \$3 billion in 1979 alone. On an average daily basis, Medicare/Medicaid payments were \$198, while private patients were charged an estimated \$239 for the same service. The gap could widen if the government cuts back on budgets allocated to these programs.

# HIS HOSPITAL IS DYING. COST SHIFTING IS KILLING IT.

In areas that have many publicly supported patients, the repercussions of cost shifting become more severe. Hospitals that have fewer private patients are forced to absorb those costs themselves. This can lead to bankruptcy and forced closings, which in turn denies proper health care to people in these areas. This isn't speculation. In a number of states, hospitals with a high percentage of Medicare and Medicaid patients are in severe financial distress.

Everyone wants to cut health care costs. But shifting these costs doesn't save a cent. It just puts the responsibility for payment on somebody else's shoulders.

Insurance companies are working hard to contain costs with such coverages as second opinions for surgery, outpatient surgery, and hospital preadmission testing.

But these measures won't solve the problem of cost shifting. The best solution ultimately is equality of payment among all payers. This is not a theory, it's a reality now in two states.

In Maryland and New Jersey an arrangement exists under which Medicare and Medicaid pay the same charges for the same hospital services as everyone else. If all states had this arrangement, the result everywhere would be equal payment for private and government patients.

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# The Game

continued

"I think my hiccups are coming back," she said, but she seemed to offer it as an afterthought, rather than what was really on her mind.

I had spent much of the first half attempting to explain the meaning of third down and 10. My father has always said that there are two things that women, however brilliant, fail with great charm to understand: one is the International Date Line, the other is third and 10. "Ask Lillian Hellman about third and 10," he once said abruptly at lunch. "See what you get." I never did that, but Medora certainly did nothing to suggest my father's theory was in error. "I like it better when they kick," she said. "Why can't they kick all the time? My friend at school told me that they have 60 footballs for each game. They keep them in sacks."

Could she have been thinking of baseballs? I said, "That seems like an awful lot of footballs."

"Oh, no," she said positively. "You wait and see."

In the middle of the second quarter Medora said that she really liked the blue Ys on the Yale helmets. She announced it with a faint sigh, as if she had been making comparisons and had come to a decision. As I brooded over this disaffection, I was reminded that Alex Karras, the great Detroit Lion defensive tackle, had once told me that at the end of his illustrious career he had discovered his children were all Los Angeles Rams fans. They liked the way the horns curled up the side of the Rams' helmets. "To think," Alex said sorrowfully, "that I went out and slaved in the trenches all those Sundays to send my kids through school, getting my thumbs beat back so that I went like this in pain, 'AIEEE' while all the time the kids were rooting for these guys across the line because they had nice-looking logos on their helmets designed by some interior decorator in Pasadena."

The wind didn't let up. Before the half, Yale scored, and then again just after the third quarter began. Medora and I didn't see the second score. We spent the third quarter standing in line for a hot dog. The facilities at Harvard Stadium are notorious. The rest rooms were described in the game program parody as being "located under sections 6, 7 and 31 of the Loeb Drama Center on Beattle Street." It went on to call the stadium itself "The oldest standing concrete structure in the United States since the collapse of a similar arena 16 years ago. In its present condition, the Stadium is capable of supporting virtually 2,000 people."

When we got back to our seats Medora discovered that she had lost her good-luck kuala bear. Apparently it had tumbled out of its tiny wicker basket. She didn't seem especially put out by its loss. "It was probably the bad-luck bear anyway," she said. She reached in her bag and produced the backup charm—the intertwined ivory fish—and in the hubbub around us I heard the faint whistle that was supposed to make the Yale players shiver.

Medora's mittens had disappeared, too. I felt her shivering. She curled into the sheepskin coat I was wearing. I took her bare hands and rubbed them. On one of her thumbs I noticed a face she had drawn with a ballpoint pen; the back of her hand was decorated with a button with the word *YVET* above it.

"What's this?"

She was embarrassed. "A push button," she said.

"What happens when you push it?"

She shrugged. "It starts engines and things," she said. She was still trembling.

I suggested, "Start up the heaters. Your mother will think I'm trying to kill you out here. Jiggle your feet. Then push the button for Harvard. They're not doing very well."

"Are they losing?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so."

"How much longer will it take them to lose?"

"About 10 minutes," I said. "When you see the white handkerchiefs come out on the Yale side—then you'll know."

I tried to entertain her. We watched individual players to see what happened to them when the ball was snapped. I took another crack at third and 10. I told her about the pigeon that had caught the attention of the huge crowd one year—a pigeon that had settled down a yard or so from the goal line. A number of people in the stands noticed that in pecking here and there in the grass, the pigeon seemed to go right to the brink of the goal line and then back away, as if forced to do so by some psychic power. The stands took sides. Megaphones were raised. Cries began to go up, "Go, bird, go!" erupting from the far side and "Hold that pigeon!" from the Harvard supporters. At the opposite end of the stadium the football players toiled on in what must have seemed a bewildering macabre of sound—standing in the huddle as a crescendo of pleading would give way to shouts of triumph as the pigeon, unbeknownst to the players, had turned toward or away from the goal line. Me—

*This Japanese suit of armor was once George's baseball uniform.*



# The Game

continued

dora wanted to know if the pigeon had crossed the goal line. I said I couldn't remember.

Medora began making a paper airplane from a page torn from the *Lampoon* parody. "I'm going to fly this down to the field with a message on it," she said. With her hands trembling from the cold she laboriously wrote a sentence across the inner folds of the airplane; after creasing it and preparing it for flight, she wrote OPEN, OPEN along its length to indicate it should be read by whoever picked it up.

"What did you say in it?" I asked.

She spread the airplane apart. The message read: YALE STINKS. RIGHT?

How odd, I thought, as she showed it to me, that she should add that demure "right?"

She refolded it and asked me to throw it for her. She wanted it to reach the Yale huddle. So I tried to do it for her, half standing and attempting to sail it into the wind. The airplane stalled and crashed into the hat brim of a man two rows down from us and fell off into his lap. He turned and could see from my expression, and the fact that my arm was still extended, that I was the one who had thrown the paper airplane. He looked, from the glimpse I had of him, like a

professor or perhaps a Harvard overseer. He opened the airplane and read the message. He didn't look at me again. From the heavy set of his shoulders, I sensed that he was gloomily reflecting on an educational system that had produced a grown man capable of setting down such an infantile thought and in such execrable handwriting. I kept hoping he would turn around again and catch sight of Medora, who was gugging into the folds of my sheepskin coat.

From our side of the field the Harvard undergraduates began a melancholy chant of "We're No. 2! We're No. 2!" Across the way the handkerchiefs began to flutter as the Yale stands. Medora said she felt sorry for the Harvard team. I wondered vaguely if it was healthy to decide to go to a college because you "felt sorry" for its football team.

The game ended. The spectators in the Yale stands counted down the last seconds and the gun went off. I took Medora down to the field so we could hear the Harvard band and see what the field was like after it had been kicked up by the players' cleats, and I eased her up to a Harvard player standing with his parents so she could see how large he was. A faint odor of limonene and grass drifted off him. She peered at the eyeball above his cheekbones as if she were inspecting a painting. He must have felt embarrassed under her scrutiny. He turned away. I heard him say to one of his group, "Thank God, Priscilla didn't come. You say she's up at Dartmouth. What's she doing up there?"

Medora asked about his eyes. I told her that athletes often wore eyeshadow to cut down the sun's glare. She said it made them look neat, like Indians. Did the Yale players wear the stuff, too? Oh yes, I said. She announced that she thought she might wear it out on her Sunfish—the glare was just terrific off the water.

We slowly headed out of the stadium, Medora holding my hand. I commented to her that at times during the game she had seemed distracted. Was something on her mind? Had she had a good time?

"Oh, Dad, it was great," she said. "I liked the story about the pigeon. I wish you could remember if he went across the goal line."

We crossed the Anderson Bridge and walked up Boylston Street past the Houses. I pointed out the windows of the Eliot House room where I had lived. Someone had hung a hastily lettered sheet out the row of windows below. SO WHAT IF YOU WON, the message read. YOU STILL GO TO YALE.

"Six U.S. presidents went to Harvard," I found myself saying to Medora as we strolled along. "William Howard Taft was the only one to come out of Yale, if you don't count Gerald Ford, who went to the law school there, and Taft was such an enormously fat man that they had to enlarge the doors of the White House to get his bathtub inside. Did I tell you that Harvard was founded 140 years before the Declaration of Independence?"

"Yes, Dad, you did."

I took her to some postgame parties. We went to the *Lampoon* building where in the crowded Gothic hall I pointed to a suit of Japanese armor hanging on the wall and told her I had worn it in a curious baseball game against *The Harvard Crimson*, the undergraduate newspaper. The *Lampoon* was

continued



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# The Game

continued

famous for its high jinks. A couple of years after I'd left, the editors had plotted to steal a battleship out of Boston Harbor. "They only had men on the board then," I told Medora. "Now they accept women. You could be the editor. You could plot to steal a battleship." I twirled the ice in my drink. It was my third. She stood, a diminutive form beside me, in the crush of the cocktail party. An undergraduate editor of the *Lampoon* turned up. I told him that I had admired the game-program parody; I had been reminded that we had done one like it when I was an undergraduate. In fact, I could remember editing an article entitled, *Why Harvard Will Not Go to the Rose Bowl This Year*, one of the reasons being, as I recalled, that California was "in some kind of time zone."

The undergraduate looked at me gravely over his plastic glass. "Fun-nee," he said without a smile.

It was dark when we left. We walked past Lowell House. I pointed up to the belfry. I told her the bells would be pealing if Harvard had won. They made a wonderful racket. In fact,



The way from the stadium to postgame festivities crosses the Charles near the Weld Boutique.

the bells were something of a neighborhood nuisance because they were so loud; the person playing them sometimes got mixed up so that it sounded as if the bells were tumbling down a rock slide. The Cambridge citizens complained. In fact, they threatened to shut down the bells. I told Medora that in revenge the great Lowell House legend was that all the people who lived there synchronized their watches and simultaneously flushed every toilet in the place.

"Why did they do that?" Medora asked.

"It apparently puts a terrific strain on the plumbing system," I said. "Floods things all over town. So it was a kind of weapon. It was to tell the Cambridge citizens and the college administration not to fool around with their bells."

"I would like to have heard them," Medora suddenly said.

I thought she was referring to the Lowell House plumbing, but it turned out to be the bells. "I wish Harvard had won," she said wistfully, "so that you could stand here and listen to them."

Impossible to tell about Medora. Didn't she want to listen to them, too?

Not long after our trip I wandered into her room when she wasn't there. Tiffany, her parakeet, was scrabbling around in its cage. Her room has always been an irresistible place to visit from time to time to see what is new in there—to check on the detritus of her complicated schoolgirl life. A "secret" note from a school chum pinned up on the cork bulletin board. What she has dropped into her fish tank lately. The newest of the mace figurines she has added to a fearsome array on a shelf.

On her desk was a draft of a newspaper that she was apparently putting together as a Christmas present. Green holly leaves were pasted at each corner. The headline read *YALE BEATS HARVARD BY FAR*; the subhead, *SCORE IS 14-0 YALE ON FREEZING DAY*. Involuntarily, I glanced back over my shoulder, to make certain I wouldn't be caught prying in her room, and then turned back to read: "Harvard fans had little to cheer about yesterday as Yale handkerchiefs fluttered in the air. There was lots of cheering coming from the Yale stands. Harvard players slipped too much on the grass.

At the end of the game the two gold posts were torn down by Yale fans. The Harvard fans went off to parties to drown their sorrows."

A pile of photographs from newspaper sports sections were waiting to be pasted in. I recognized Earl Campbell of the Houston Oilers in one of the pictures, vaulting into a dense pile of tacklers, the distinction of what team Campbell actually played on being of little significance to the young editor. I couldn't resist browsing through the paper. On the second page was a large advertisement for cats illustrated with a dozen silhouette studies of cats with their tails hanging down, as though the cats were sitting on an imaginary shelf. Medora does a great many of these studies.

What caught my eye was a story on the same page under the large headline (with a line through the second word, the spelling of which had apparently stumped her): *BLACK SHAMHORSE BUYS*. The text, again with a number of words crossed out, read as follows: "The black horse arrived in a truck shortly after nightfall. It was dark outside. His name was Abraham-Leslie Tom; Blueboy Prince!" I suspected I knew then what those thoughtful silences I had detected on that chilly November afternoon were all about—not about whether she was going to hiccup or whether a pigeon had crossed a goal line or even whether she preferred Harvard, or Yale or even Princeton. Names were under consideration but not the names of colleges.

A small story caught my eye on the last page of the paper. The headline read *HARVARD NOT DISCOURAGED*.

The story underneath, in its entirety, read: "Harvard is not discouraged."

END



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# Reminiscence

by BOB BOLTZ

**BRINGO SO LOVED FOOTBALL HE KEPT ON TRYING WHEN TIME HAD RUN OUT**

Watching the now legendary last-second, court-length drive by Brigham Young's Danny Ainge against Notre Dame in the semifinals of the 1981 NCAA Eastern Regionals evoked memories for me of a similar feat, though in football, not basketball. The time: 1977. The place: Westerville, Ohio. The occasion: Otterbein College's season-ending game against Marietta College. The unlikely hero: a puckish, bespectacled defensive tackle named Joe Bringardner.

On the November evening in question, 11 Otterbein seniors, Joe and I among them, took the field for our last game of the season. We were the holdovers from a recruiting class of 55 that had been heralded, as such groups annually seem to be, as "one of the best ever." Four years, a dozen or so transfers, a bunch of injuries and countless wind sprints later, the remains of 1974's particular version of "the best ever" were set to quietly call it a career. Otterbein having had a 23-11-1 record during their stay. And with a single exception, that's exactly what we did.

The exception was Bringardner, or Bringo, as nearly everyone at Otterbein

knew him. And nearly everyone at Otterbein *did* know him, at least by sight. His squat 5' 11", 210-pound physique was—and still is—capped by a head of receding, curly hair that made him look like Larry of The Three Stooges. A pair of professorial wire-rimmed glasses, which always seemed much too small for his cherubic face, hugged a countenance that was anything but professorial. A chronic prankster and joke teller, Bringo was one of our two non-starting seniors during his four years; he had seen only occasional action on various specialty teams.

At the time this article went to press, Bringo had a 23-4-1 career record as freshman football coach at West Jefferson High, just outside Columbus, Ohio. His 1980 squad—typically sound in fundamentals, disciplined and enthusiastic—ran up seven consecutive shutouts while averaging nearly 40 points a game during an 8-0 season. This success is perhaps attributable to the fact that, as coach or player, teacher or jester, starter or understudy, Bringo remains consistent on one count: He truly loves football.

In his last game at Otterbein, Bringo's devotion was oddly and unexpectedly rewarded with a single heroic moment.

The night was cold, but the 20° temperature and clear, late-autumn sky seemed almost agreeable in contrast to our memories of the freezing rain that had hammered us four weeks earlier in a

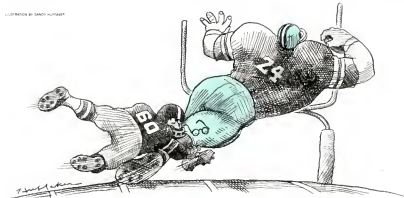
game against Baldwin-Wallace. The rain and the host Yellow Jackets had been relentless, sending us home with a 33-7 defeat, the blot on the 7-1 record we brought into the season finale with the Marietta Pioneers. Bringo's sense of disappointment after the Baldwin-Wallace game had been deeper and more personal than the rest of us had felt over the loss of our perfect record and any realistic shot at the Ohio Athletic Conference title. Turning to me in the sporadic light as we sullenly traveled home along the glistening freeway, Bringo confessed, "Only four weeks left, Boltz. I'm really going to miss football when it's all over." The loss had given him a sense of mortality. In less than a month, his playing days over, Bringo would have to say goodbye to the game he had so enthusiastically courted for almost a decade.

Those final weeks and even the final game itself passed with unusual dispatch. My memory of our finale is hazy and fragmentary, probably because the game was undistinguished until the closing seconds, indeed, the final play. Then, in a single effort worthy of legend, Bringo bade farewell to the game he loved with an accomplishment as notable as Ainge's layup.

The game had been hard-hitting, but had lacked offensive fireworks. The Otter defense had sparkled throughout, holding the Pioneers to 127 yards total of-

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY SANCY HUFFAKER





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## REMINDANCE continued

ense and keeping them off the scoreboard. Otterbein's offense had pushed across two touchdowns for a 12-0 half-time lead but had managed only a field goal in the second half. The Marietta defense had regrouped to completely bottle up our running game and disrupt our passing attack, in the process holding this writer (then a wide receiver) without a reception, as it had for four consecutive years.

After the last of our incomplete passes, the Pioneer offense mechanically took the field to play out the final four seconds of the 1977 season. On the sidelines, I had already begun shaking hands and exchanging bear hugs with coaches and teammates. Twelve years of football had come to an end for me, and though I hadn't caught a pass that night, a glow of fulfillment warmed my chilled body. Almost as an afterthought, I glanced at the field to watch Marietta run its last play.

The ball was snapped at the Pioneers' 42-yard line, and Mark Boy, their star running back, took a straight handoff and followed his fullback off left guard on a simple isolation play. Breaking from a mass of padded bodies, Boy scooted to near midfield, where he broke a tackle and began to pick up speed. A sudden roar from what remained of the crowd interrupted the celebration already under way on our sideline and directed all attention back to the field. Boy had reached the Otterbein 35, where he broke two more tackles and reversed his field, traversing nearly the full width of the field, with red-shirted defenders in frantic pursuit, before again setting course toward the goal line. At the 10-yard line, he sidestepped the tackle of Otterbein's all-conference safety, Bob Tulpas, and seemed to be home free. But before he could reach the end zone, Boy was ridden down from behind by Bringo, who had been rushed into the game, almost patronizingly, for the final seconds. It was several minutes before the buzz of the crowd evaporated into the crisp November air. By that time both teams had haphazardly made their way to the warmth of the locker rooms and the chill of the ultimate off-season ahead.

The true beauty of Bringo's heroic touchdown-saving pursuit wouldn't be appreciated until game films were developed and inspected the next day, because who could have anticipated such a thing? In this respect, Bringo's play was very different from Ainge's. While virtually

continued

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## REMINISCENCE *continued*

everyone in the Omni in Atlanta—and in America, for that matter—knew that Amge had the ability to perform the miracle Bringham Young needed, absolutely no one expected Bringo, of all people, to preserve the shutout for his teammates.

Expectations aside, what the films revealed was a truly remarkable and inspiring effort. At the snap of the ball, Bringo, who had lined up at left defensive tackle, charged across the line of scrimmage to a point about two yards into the Marietta backfield. As Boy ripped through the pack on the other side of the center, Bringo crashed to the ground, cut down by a lunging Marietta lineman. The clock by now read 00:00; time had run out on Bringo's career. So, why didn't he simply lie there? What motivated him to fight to his feet and begin sprinting down the field in what would surely be a hopeless chase?

Whatever moved Bringo—love, instinct, reflex or fate—he reappeared on the screen when Boy was at the Otterbein 30. While several other Otter defenders were abruptly cut down by Pioneer blocks, Bringo's progression toward the northeast corner of the field was straight and uninterrupted. While others slowed, in fatigue or resignation, he sped past them, arms pumping furiously, bawling after the fleeing ballcarrier. At the seven he had Boy in his clutches; at the four he brought Boy to the ground, 54 yards from the line of scrimmage. Bringo had concluded his career where he most wanted and most deserved to be—on the field, at the center of the action.

I saw Bringo last summer for the first time in more than six months. Initially, he seemed every bit as comic and mischievous as he had been in college. But, as we worked our way through a pitcher of beer, I began to detect from time to time an incongruous look of dignity creeping out from behind his old Chesire-cut grin. I later decided that the barley, hops and bad lighting had played their own jokes on my senses. After all, this was Bringo, the guy who had stacked 500 pounds of rocks against the door to my room in Davis Hall. Nevertheless, as our conversation shifted from reminiscence to the realities of the present, I asked Bringo to account for the amazing success his teams at West Jefferson have enjoyed. His answer was immediate and direct: "My kids just love to play football more than other kids." And that, you can be sure, is no joke.

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# You can count on Sears to look at a new product from every angle

"The first thing we did was test 16 of the top-rated running shoes," says the Sears buyer, "as well as the bare foot." Not many companies have the luxury of starting from scratch, but Sears spent nearly two painstaking years developing The 440. Here's how they spent the time:

Sears knew it took more than a good factory to make a good running shoe—one that would fit comfortably and help reduce the foot, ankle, and knee problems that runners sometimes encounter.

They went to experts: Northwestern University Medical School Center for Sports Medicine. The doctors kept a sharp eye on stress points and suggested possible ways The 440 Running Shoe could aid in helping to prevent the problems that plague runners.

The buyers and Sears own lab worked closely with this team of nationally-known orthopedic surgeons and the manufacturer. Prototype after prototype was discarded as not good enough.

Not good enough because Sears wanted to go further than a shoe that would fit comfortably and minimize problems—they also wanted a shoe that would look attractive, wear well, and sell at a fair price.

The 440 Running Shoe pleased all concerned with its innovative features. Like a cushiony insole you can remove so it will dry out between wearings. A nicety whether you wear the shoe to run the

Boston Marathon or go get the groceries.

Finding a better way of doing things is virtually a policy at Sears. Each year, Sears lab tests over ten thousand products and, along with the buyers, keeps up a running dialogue with manufacturers with this aim: How can we make it better?

Sometimes innovation means portability. The *Binoc* TV set has a two-inch diagonal measure black-and-white picture and weighs a spanking two pounds. It can hang around your neck like binoculars, and it's only at Sears.

Often, innovation means a unique feature, thought up by Sears first and then patented. Like the *Corrector*<sup>SM</sup> key on many Sears portable electric typewriters. This clever key lets you correct mistakes without moving your hands from the keyboard.

These are a few in a string of product innovations and improvements from Sears. But there is one thing Sears hasn't had to improve upon in over half a century: Its famous promise:

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**Sears**

(Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1981)

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# Nostalgia

by GRADY JIM ROBINSON

**'T WAS A SAD BUT EDIFYING DAY WHEN THE AUTHOR LOST ALL HIS MARBLES**

Although marbles has never been a major American sport, there are certain areas of the country that have become renowned for producing marble shooters of great skill. Sebastian County, Ark. is one of them, and when I was growing up in the '50s, the greatest shooter in Sebastian County was Bud Needham. I recall with barely diminished trepidation the day I faced him in a game of doogies (pronounced DOO-jies), as we often called marbles.

I tried to appear relaxed as Bud arched his hand slightly off the ground, took dead aim with his shootin' tall and fired a sizzling shot into the ring. He hit three of my cat's-eyes. The sound was crisp and solid and marbles flew in every direction. Two rolled outside the ring. He picked them up, and while he stuffed them in his bulging jeans pocket, he eyed the next shot.

His shootin' tall had remained inside the ring, and therefore he was entitled to another shot, this time from close range—an advantage he didn't need. I knew it was all over. Bud could shoot a doogie like a .22 rifle bullet and just as straight.

This confrontation took place back in 1956, in the first round of the sixth-grade marble tournament at Greenwood Elementary School. I'd had the misfortune of drawing Bud, the toughest kid in school and the only one I knew with hair on his chest. He had four brothers, and they were all just as rugged as Bud. They were from an honest, hard-working, coal-mining family, and my mama had taught three of them in the fifth grade and could vouch for their toughness. She also knew that Bud could shoot a marble like a bullet and that was one reason she didn't want me playing keeps with him. (Keeps was a more serious game than funnies, in which the marbles were given back after the game.) Mama didn't want me playing keeps with anyone. She was a staunch Southern Baptist and didn't like the idea of my playing what the preacher called "games of chance."

I said, "Mom, playing keeps with Bud Needham ain't a game of chance because I ain't got one."

Mama said, "Don't say ain't and don't play keeps with anyone, but especially Bud Needham."

Now if you think I might be exaggerating about Bud's being ahead of the rest of us physically, here are some additional facts to consider: In the sixth grade he started shaving twice a week. In the seventh grade he made first string on the junior high football team by putting the fear into ninth-grade halfbacks. In his sophomore year in high school he made first-string guard and was, perhaps, the only player in the history of Greenwood High to play every down of every game for three straight years.

My father, who coached the Greenwood Bulldogs for 38 years, said upon retirement, "Bud Needham was probably the toughest kid I ever had," which was saying something, because Dad had coached farm boys, hillbillies, coal miners and ex-Marines up there in the foothills of the Ozarks. (He saw some tough kids along the way, like the Powell boy who practiced football for two weeks before it was discovered he wasn't wearing socks in his hightop shoes because he didn't own any.)

So you see, Bud was special. When he

He would look at it with disgust, secretly proud of busing another one, while the other kids exclaimed, "Did you see that? Bud busted another one!"

My inferior ability as a marbles player was embarrassing. I hate to admit it to this day, but I shot like a girl. I couldn't seem to put any zing into my shootin' tall. I watched Bud intently, trying to figure out his secret. But no matter what technique I tried, my marble would roll lazily across the dirt ring, being bumped farther off course by every bit of gravel and twig it encountered. If by chance my shootin' tall hit the target marble, the marble usually stayed in the ring.

Doogie shooting was one of those things a kid wanted to do well in Arkansas. It was right up there with hauling hay, riding a bronco and cussing as a sign of incipient manhood. For a sixth-grade boy whose father was the high school football coach and former doogie-shooting champion of Milltown, Ark., it was downright shameful not to be able to really put it. That's why I finally resorted to secret weapons—aggies and tater nob.

I didn't play keeps until I discovered aggies and tater nob. Before that, I told everyone that Mom, being as religious as she was, didn't allow me to play in games of chance, though the truth was I didn't play keeps because I wouldn't get to keep any. Then I came across an aggie, a big, heavy, aggie-type marble about the size of a small golf ball. You could roll it like a bowling ball and knock marbles all over the place. Tater nob were little mounds of dirt upon which you mounted the target marble. You couldn't miss. With the big aggie and tater nob I started to wipe out the sixth grade. I learned to yell, "Aggies and tater nob!" before my opponent could yell, "No aggies and no tater nob!"

In this manner I talked Elmer MacDonald into playing a game of keeps and won a pocketful of marbles during the 10 o'clock recess. Then at noon I said to Kenny Brynn, a high-quality doogie player and a close friend, "Hey, let's play some keeps." Kenny was so shocked at my wanting to play keeps that he said O.K. without outlawing aggies and tater nob. I calmly said, "Ten up, and aggies and tater nob allowed."

"Oh, come on!" he said disgustedly.



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB WHITE

played marbles he would place the shootin' tall between his right thumb and index finger and roll his wrist to the right like he was turning a doorknob. Then, with his hand palm up and the three free fingers pointing upward, he would close one eye. There would be a brief vibration in his hand, and . . . PING! The shootin' tall would spring across the ring scattering little specks of dirt and grass and smash into its target, knocking that marble out of the ring.

On more than one occasion Bud shot so hard the target marble exploded on impact, I swear on a sack of cat's-eyes.

continued



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NOSTALGIA continued

"I yelled first," I insisted. I rolled the old aggie like a bowling ball and proceeded to pocket about 25 new cat's-eyes.

That afternoon I walked home with the glorious sound of marbles clacking together in my pockets. They made a huge bulge in my jeans and caused them to sag. I kept pulling up my jeans and stroking those marbles.

"Son," said Mama when she saw the bulge in my pockets, "where did you get all those marbles? You haven't been playing keeps, have you?"

I had to admit that I had. "I won them fair and square," I said.

After a severe tongue-lashing, I was allowed to keep my stash. But about a week later my dad—with much encouragement from my mother, I imagine—organized the official sixth-grade tournament and brought out a genuine marbles' rule book. Just before the big game I was informed by my father that these rules didn't allow for taser nobs, rainbows, elbows and other tactics that were regarded as abominations by marbles purists. But the real killer for me was that no oversized shootin' talls were allowed. That meant the end of my aggie.

According to the book, the official ring was 10 feet across, two or three times larger than the customary Greenwood ring. I couldn't throw one that far, much less shoot it legally. So I secretly rooted for Bud to clean house so I wouldn't have to shoot in front of the crowd that had gathered.

And, sure enough, after that aforementioned opening shot, Bud settled into his routine and blasted marbles in all directions. He would shoot with such force and accuracy that his shootin' tall would hit the target and send that marble scampering across the dirt, while the shootin' tall spun in place, making a funny noise as it came to a stop. Thus, as a group of boys and a few girls looked on, did Bud Needham clear the ring.

"Aw shucks," I said, secretly relieved that I wouldn't have to attempt a shot across the 10-foot ring. Naturally, Bud won the tournament, and I later discovered that I wasn't alone in my fear of his bulletlike shots.

After that, marbles playing quietly disappeared from the scene. The guys in our class moved on to football, basketball, hot rods and girls. I haven't played doogies in a long, long time, but if I ever get the opportunity again, I shall certainly insist on aggies and taser nobs.

END

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Photographed by John G. Zimmerman

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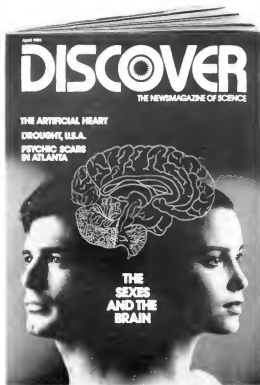
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## THE WORLD SERIES

Sir,

Congratulations on an outstanding World Series issue (Nov. 29). The photography is superb, and the opening picture of Graig Nettles is breathtaking.

BRIAN J. FAHEY  
Chicago

Sir,

As an East Coast sports photographer, I've taken pictures before SI's photographers for the past eight years. My compliments to Tony Troslo for capturing Graig Nettles' diving catch during Game 1 of the World Series.

Baseball action is tough to shoot, but this picture records one of the best line-drive catches I've ever witnessed. As always, your photographers are the best.

ART REDDING  
Bowling Green, Ky.

Sir,

Tony Troslo, Manny Milam, John Iacono, Walter Iacono Jr., Ronald C. Modra, Heinz Klummeier and Richard Mackson covered everything from Nettles being airborne to Ron Cey's great play at third to Jay Johnstone's pinch-hit home run to Bobby Brown's blunder to Steve Yeager's celebration of his homer in Game 5. My hat goes off to all seven photographers, who were in top form at the Series.

MIKE MATHISON  
Avila Beach, Calif.

## NETTLES' REPLACEMENT

Sir,

It might come as a surprise to Ron Fimrite (*The Series Was Up for Grabs*, Nov. 2), but when the Yankees replaced Graig Nettles with Aurelio Rodriguez at third base, they were really putting in a very appropriate substitute. Going into this year, both players had some 14 years' experience in the majors, mainly at third base. Nettles had 1,493 putouts, Rodriguez 1,441; Nettles had 3,990 assists, Rodriguez 3,897; and Nettles' fielding average was .966 vs. Rodriguez' .963. Furthermore, each had won the Gold Glove for fielding when Brooks Robinson put it back in circulation by retiring. To even hint that Rodriguez couldn't make a play at third that Nettles could is preposterous.

TOM MORGAN  
Oakville, Conn.

## MARATHON MEN

Sir,

Alberto Salazar breaks a 12-year-old record with his awesome performance in the New York City Marathon (*A Man Who Is as Good as His Word*, Nov. 2), and your cover photo shows Davey Lopes, Aurelio Rodri-

guez and a National League umpire, Fie! I know that baseball used to be the national pastime but, let's face it, it was a pretty sorry excuse for a season.

How many world records in any sport go unbroken for 12 years these days? Kenny Moore's article was masterful, as always. But Salazar belonged on your cover.

MIKE SULLIVAN  
New York City

Sir,

Alberto Salazar has to be your Sportsman of the Year!

DAVID GOSSARD  
Seattle

Sir,

The article on Fred Lebow (*The Man Who Runs Running*, Oct. 26) made him sound almost monastic, as if he had taken vows of chastity and poverty when he took over as director of the New York City Marathon, and the entrants had taken vows of obedience to him! When my entry form for the marathon was rejected for the fourth straight year, I thought that Lebow must be a #@\$&%. So, for the fourth straight year I flew 3,000 miles to run the race unofficially. It was a truly wonderful experience. The crowd cheered us through the five boroughs, feeding us hard candy in the Bronx and beer in Central Park. I guess it takes a real #@\$&% to put on the best #@\$&% race in the world!

TOM BASSLER, M.D.  
Inglewood, Calif.

## SWEAT

Sir,

As a physician-marathon runner, I applaud the outstanding support provided runners during the New York City Marathon. The efforts of hundreds of volunteers made it possible for the 14,496 starters to get adequate fluids throughout the race. However, your article on sweat by William Oscar Johnson (*The Story of Sweat: A Warm Tale Told in an Inoffensive Manner*, Oct. 26) conveys a false impression about the risks of dehydration that each runner confronts. While salt supplements in the form of salt tablets aren't necessary and perhaps are undesirable, runners must consume sufficient fluids during and after the race to promote prompt urination. Rather than suggest, as you perhaps did in the minds of some readers, that marathon runners who don't void until the day following a race undergo no health risk, you should advocate that race organizers ensure that each runner produces urine before leaving the finish-line area. Cases of acute renal failure following a marathon have occurred because of uncorrected dehydration after a race. Be-

cause a large number of the runners in a race such as the New York City Marathon are first-time competitors, an understanding of the need for adequate hydration is critical.

ARTHUR J. SIEGEL, M.D.  
Boston

Sir,

I appreciated having my thoughts on honest sweat reach the millions of readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Nevertheless, I did develop a nervous sweat when my apocrine glands noted you had given the title of my book incorrectly. But don't sweat, just tell them it's *Dr. Sheehan on Running*.

GEORGE A. SHEEHAN, M.D.  
Red Bank, N.J.

## JACK RUSSELLS

Sir,

There's an incredible similarity in your Nov. 2 issue between the fluid poetry in motion of Graig Nettles soaring through the air to snag a line drive and that of the Jack Russell terrier hauling in a Frisbee (*The Man with a Touch of Class*). In the many years that I have subscribed to SI, I cannot recall two pictures so alike, and of such clarity and brilliance.

As a former rat terrier owner, I can attest to the breed's tenacity and longevity. My dog was 15 before finally succumbing. He was a fighter to the bitter end. In his last year of life, he survived: 1) a six-foot drop into a sewer; 2) being lost for 27 hours; and 3) a 10-foot fall into a concrete basement. Yet he persevered until an ear infection did him in. That dog's courage and spunk taught me a great lesson about living. The story on the Jack Russell terrier brought back pleasant memories and I commend E.M. Swift for depicting the essence of one of the dog world's finest creatures. My old dog would have been proud to have known that he was in such esteemed company.

MICHAEL JOY  
Atlanta

Sir,

We were delighted with E.M. Swift's report on the joys of owning a Jack Russell terrier, even though our own dog, Emma Gray, isn't a J.R. but a Staffordshire bullterrier. No matter: The characteristics of the two breeds are so similar that we found ourselves nodding and chucking at every paragraph. Like the J.R., the typical Staffordshire is both fearless and fun-loving; it is also loyal, affectionate and rough on rodents.

One point: we dispute the contention that a pit bullterrier—more properly referred to as a Staffordshire—is too ugly to be invited between the sheets. We think Emma is beautiful.



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## 19TH HOLE continued

ful, and she's welcome to crawl beneath our bedcovers any time—well, almost any time.

DONALD and PETRA CROSBY  
Ashford, Conn.

Sir:

I'd appreciate it if you'd clear up a small disagreement that my boyfriend and I are having concerning the picture of the dog and the baby. My boyfriend says that the baby is not real, but a plastic doll.

ANNE KOKES  
Sheboygan, Wis.

■ The baby is real. In fact, it's Photographer Stephen Green-Amnytag's son, James, who was 2 months old when the picture was shot with the family's Jack Russell. Dudley —ED.

Sir:

I don't know what all the fuss is about. We have an 8-year-old wirehaired fox terrier named Marnie. She hunts mice, turtles, snakes and birds and crawls down groundhog holes. She talks—and curses. She follows our moods exactly. When we are calm, she's a lover; when we are crazy, she joins in the fun. She loves the outdoors, yet stays in her territory. She plays with people and dogs and cuddles like a baby—under the covers, of course. She likes carrots, watermelon, cantaloupe and yogurt. And she smiles and communicates with her ears. Now what were you saying about the unspooled Jack Russell?

MAXINE L. MARPLE  
Kutztown, Pa.

Sir:

I thought my Erin, who's just pure dog, was unique in her ability to smile. She can't keep a straight face after hearing a chicken joke.

SONDRA MEYER  
New York City

Sir:

I found your comments regarding the Jack Russell terrier's lack of inherited defects a little too "dogmatic." Granted, inbreeding has been responsible for a good many undesirable physical traits in other dogs, and the Jack Russell terrier, no doubt, seems to be minimally affected. However, there is one condition, *myasthenia gravis*, for which the Jack Russell terrier breed is overly represented.

*Myasthenia gravis* is a neuromuscular disorder characterized by severe muscle weakness after exercise. The majority of cases are acquired, but the Jack Russell terrier is one breed where the disease is apparently inherited. So don't be too smug in declaring, "Look what they did to the cocker." People may be saying the same about the Jack Russell terrier in future years.

PALL G. CAVANAGH, DVM  
New York City

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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HE: "Maybe the rest of the world is just  
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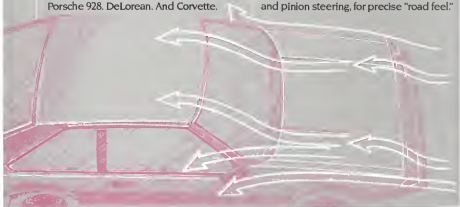
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make it easy to bring the guys' goofy faces, clowning, and fun back to life, right on my TV.

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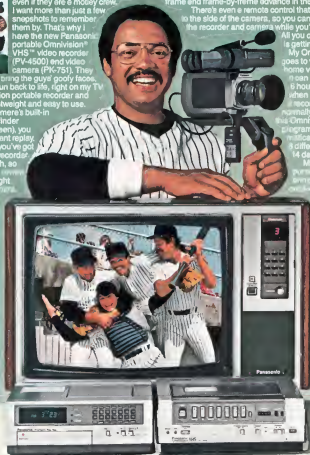
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